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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1948
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCIV No. 2536 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 11 1948

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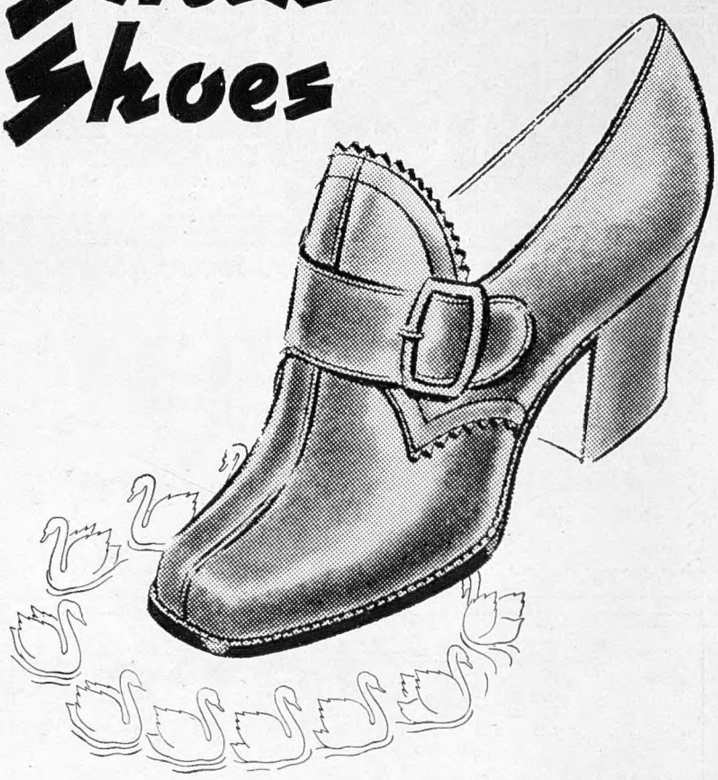

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CHANEL

Volume CXCIV No. 2536 The SPHERE, London, September 11, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

AMSTERDAM ACCLAIMS THE NEW QUEEN—JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS STANDING IN HER CARRIAGE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE CHEERS AFTER DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMSTERDAM LAST SUNDAY: Earlier in the day Queen Wilhelmina had signed the instrument of abdication after fifty years on the Throne, and the reign of Queen Juliana officially began

On Sunday last the reign of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands came to an end after fifty years and, with the signing of her abdication, an epoch in Dutch history ended and another began with no shadow of bereavement over the occasion. Queen Wilhelmina's abdication, which followed close on her sixty-eighth birthday celebrations and her Golden Jubilee on the throne, took place for reasons of health, and the Queen now goes into peaceful retirement. The great event of last Sunday was the State drive through the streets of Amsterdam, when the new Queen, accompanied by the Prince of the Netherlands and three of their four children, showed themselves to the people. All Amsterdam was *en fête*, as it had been on the Tuesday before for the Golden Jubilee, and in the evening the lights were turned on along the canals, the crowds strolling beside the water and beneath festoons of orange lamps. (Golden Jubilee pictures from Amsterdam will be found on pages 336-37 of this issue. Princess Margaret's visit for the investiture of Queen Juliana is recorded on page 323.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

European Jigsaw. — The European political scene still appears to my holiday-vacuous mind like a new and difficult jigsaw puzzle which has just been turned out of its box on to the table. At the best of it, it seems that a very few unimportant pieces with straight edges have been put together on the rim. Has there been any vital progress towards Western European Union since March? There are innumerable committees sitting to explore avenues leading to co-ordination of social security schemes and cultural schemes; there are military committees engaged in defence talks, but to pretend that these talks have advanced to decisions, let alone to implementing actions, would be wishful thinking. At the moment, the vital thing—the convincing of Russia that the West really means *business*—is not advanced a jot. The fringes of the supreme problem (which is nothing less than a new balance of power to combat a strong and ambitious Russia established on the Elbe) are being hesitantly tackled by endless talking. The root of the matter has not been touched. No doubt this realisation of Time's passage where Time is so valuable, suggested to French statesmen the idea of a more definite plan. But it must be remembered that the proposal was M. Marie's (and M. Marie is down and out for a few weeks at least), and that the proposal was from France, whose Parliamentary ideal is not everybody's cup of tea. It must be remembered also that a standing Parliament of Nations which is invested with no powers to implement decisions, in the unlikely event of decisions resulting from endless talk, is a far cry to convincing Russia that Western Europe is a serious opponent of Eastern expansion. Some still speak of Britain as the leading Power in this Western bloc, of Britain's guidance and influence as vital to success, and those who hold that view are puzzled to observe Mr. Bevin, sitting on the fence, blowing hot and cold and temporising with the French proposal. Yet it must be said that he has grounds for doubt. The Dominion Premiers are not yet due in Britain, and their views are very vital to our own Government. Six long months of endless talks have resulted in no progress whatever in any vital sphere of the problem of Europe, and no published results of any one of these talks appear to have suggested to the Russians that Western Union is anything more than bluff or blurb, or that serious resistance to Russian threats or actions need be expected from such talk for another vital six months at least.

Western Europe Parliament.—The U.S. have come out strongly in favour of the French proposal—which, of course, was not initiated by French statesmen *imprimis*—for the creation of a representative assembly of the Marshall-Aid nations of Western Europe. To this broad plan Mr. Churchill is committed, and it was he who gave the project its first enthusiastic launching. France has now taken the first step forward, and the Benelux countries are prepared to support and further it. It is Britain which has of late spoken with two voices, and it seems clear that America's strongly-worded support is addressed as a hint to the British Government as the obvious hanger-back, which has put forward as the excuse for sitting-on-the-fence any excuse but the right one. That the Dominions must be consulted, that nothing must be done which might weaken the economic and political ties of Empire, these are sound arguments which the Conservatives have been, and would be, the first to advance. It is an argument no less sound that Britain is a European no less than a Commonwealth Power, that her influence, if now exerted in Western Europe, must enhance the combined influence of the Commonwealth in world affairs and need not weaken the ties of Empire. Among the Dominion Premiers there are more than one who have supported this view and stressed its urgency, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Attlee's reluctance to commit himself enthusiastically is the result of pressure from those of his party who blindly regard any proposal which has Mr. Churchill's seal upon it as one to be resisted at all costs. Even those members of the Government with better claims to statesmanship and breadth of mind, who see the virtue of drawing Western Europe closer together, cannot bring themselves to swallow the project whole, but must differentiate between forms of government, and will only pursue closer union with those countries of Western Europe whose Governments are uncompromisingly Socialist in character. The strength of America's support for the French proposal is comprehensible by this theory.

Ulster's Determination. —Sir Basil Brooke's latest comment on Ulster's determination not to become a pawn in Eire's political game was clear and forthright and (I do not doubt) echoed the majority view of Ulstermen. His declaration that partition will be decided not in America nor in Eire but in Northern Ireland, stresses the strong feeling for the Commonwealth in Ulster and the strong cards in Ulster's hand. It also clearly enough indicated the nature of the game of politics which Mr. Costello has been playing in New York, with the border question and Ulster as pawns on his board. The sincerity of Mr. Costello may well be suspect to Sir Basil Brooke, who will remember Mr. de Valera's clearly expressed declaration that Eire's determination was to remain neutral in war at all costs. From that position he never receded from his first days of power, and there is no indication that his successor has done so. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and Sir Basil argued reasonably enough that if Mr. Costello intended to show a change of heart, he could do so without dragging in the border question. If Eire desires sincerely to co-operate in defence with Britain or the United States, she can do so on her own or off her own bat. The proof of that sincerity is by far the best step towards any future decision to alter Ulster's constitutional status, which can only be reached by agreement between the two Irish Governments. The Ulster Government will agree to nothing of that kind until her adherence to the Commonwealth is assured by Eire's unilateral co-operation in the defence of the west.

More Trials of German Generals. — The War Office announcement that more leading German generals are to be brought to trial has caused me disquiet, even disgust. Brauchitsch, Rundstedt and Manstein are all broken men; three long years have passed since the crimes against humanity and the accepted code of "humane" warfare, with which they will be charged, came to an end, and since that time one or two of them have spent their time in hospital; and, to judge by their appearance, without much benefit from medical science. If the famous and hideously long-drawn-out trial of Goering and the rest of the arch-criminals long ago brought to many an Englishman a revulsion almost in favour of the accused, whose crimes then smelt to Heaven, how much more inevitable will that revulsion be when the trials of these four generals come to be reported. Manstein is seventy-four and nearly blind, Brauchitsch, the youngest of them, is sixty-seven, and was ungummed by Hitler seven years ago. As for Rundstedt, a number of British and, I think, American officers have at times spoken to his credit, and as "Papa" Rundstedt he was popular at the camp near Glamorgan. It is much too late to try these men. They are long past doing any more harm, and their crimes, if proven, are better forgotten.

"THE SPHERE" ON ITS TRAVELS—A TRAIN ATTENDANT IN THE "QUEEN OF SCOTS," THE NEW DAY MAIL TO EDINBURGH, OFFERS BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FROM HIS PORTABLE STALL: "The Sphere" and its sister publications, "Illustrated London News" and "Sport & Country," occupy a place of prominence. W. H. Smith's new system of selling literature on the railway has met with an immediate welcome from the public

Moor Park.—The illustrated weeklies have recently done their best to back Sir Harry Brittain's appeal for the preservation of historic Moor Park, either as a residence or as a centre of culture or instruction. This Moor Park lies near Farnham and faces the remains of Waverley Abbey, England's first Cistercian foundation. It was for a dozen or more years the home of Sir William Temple and of Dorothy Osborne, his wife, and he named it after the Hertfordshire Moor Park which belonged to the Temples. To the new Moor Park came as secretary in 1684 Jonathan Swift, and here he wrote *The Tale of a Tub* and *The Battle of the Books*. Here, too, he met his Stella. The old house is to-day substantially as it was when Temple, Swift, Addison and Steele talked the sun down in its pleasant rooms. There has been talk of demolition, though I believe no authority is anxious for it, if some use as residence for one or more families, or as a cultural centre, can be found for it quickly. The setting is still lovely and unspoiled, the literary associations of Moor Park and of Waverley cry aloud for preservation and invite examination by people with literary tastes or with cultural objects to further. And I greatly hope that this additional note will catch the eye of the right people and stimulate to instant action.

"Off the Ration."—A man or woman on holiday in the Highlands, spending all the hours of daylight on the tops or by the river or the burns, chasing the elusive grouse or salmon or trout, may be frivolously employed, but from a rationing point of view is a "heavy manual worker," and can do with an extra allowance of foodstuffs. Out of curiosity, I kept a record of the "off-the-ration" additions to the authorised fare available for a household of fifteen persons from the shops, which we were able to bring in by the sweat of our brows, and which were consumed in the first fortnight of our holiday "in our stride" and without producing satiety. (On the contrary, people scrounged for biscuits before going to bed.) Twenty-four grouse, thirty hares, thirty or more rabbits, four woodcock, four snipe, two duck, 45 lb. of salmon, 16 lb. of trout all passed through the kitchen during those fourteen days, in addition to the butcher's contribution. These little additions to the rations went down (as I say) almost unnoticed and with little effect on the keen appetite of the majority. It seems, therefore, to follow logically that the ordinary ration is not so perfectly balanced and adequate as the dieticians assure us, and that the heavy manual worker with his extras is not over-nourished.

Books I Have Enjoyed Reading.—The casually collected library of a Highland lodge does not, I hope, afford a fair estimate of the worth of English literature in the past half-century. The novels left behind by visitors since the Edwardian age fill perhaps eight small shelves scattered over the house, say 200 books—and of those perhaps ten are worth reading and another ten capable, if a narcotic is needed, of sending you to sleep inside five minutes of getting into bed. For me no narcotic is needed; the air and exercise do the trick, and it is a pleasant change to reduce one's reading from five hours to half an hour a day. Yet I record a note of gratitude to the authors who have given me pleasure this last month. I found a jewel among the junk, Compton Mackenzie's *Monarch of the Glen*, published in 1941, by a past-master of restrained satire and an expert in depicting Highland life. Indeed, I put this delightful, humorous novel among the best of his many in this *genre*, and as the perfect novel for a Highland holiday. One new publication I have read with vivid interest and real appreciation—Glubb Pasha's *Story of the Arab Legion*. A grand book, beautifully written with that lucid simplicity which men of action, describing their own struggles and achievements, can apparently command without years of training, and filled, beside, with insight, imagination and imagery which seem to blossom in nearly all descriptions of those lands between Egypt and the Euphrates.

THE OLD STAGER

THE PRINCESS ARRIVES AT LONDON AIRPORT : Her Royal Highness, who was journeying to Amsterdam to represent the King at the Investiture of Queen Juliana, greeted at Heathrow by Sir John D'Albiac before leaving for the Continent in a Viking of the King's Flight. With the Princess's party were Lady Halifax, the Duke of Beaufort, Lady Margaret Egerton and Wing-Commander Townshend. The Princess wore a pale peach coat over a cream dress with an off-the-face peach bonnet and veil. This was her first visit to the Continent. On arrival at Schipol Airport the Princess drove to the Amstel Hotel, where she stayed, and later went to the Royal Palace with the Earl and Countess of Athlone

RETURN FROM BALMORAL : Princess Margaret driving from King's Cross when she journeyed south before starting out for Holland

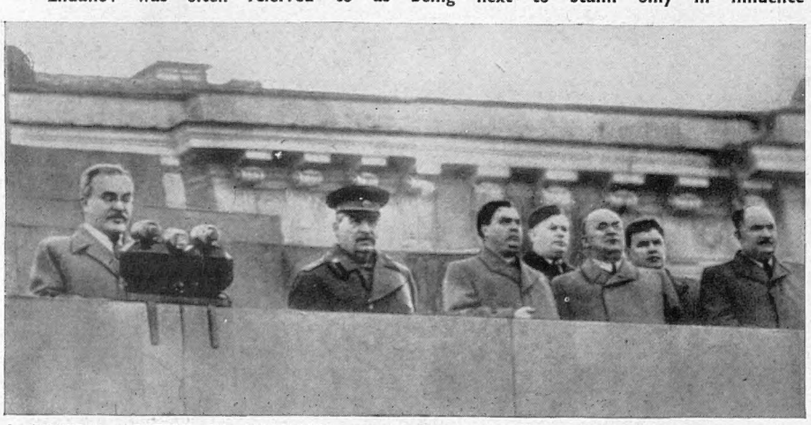
PRINCESS MARGARET GOES TO HOLLAND

To Represent the King at the Investiture of Queen Juliana

THE PRINCESS IN AMSTERDAM :—*Left*—Leaving the Viking of the King's Flight in which she journeyed from Northolt to Schipol Airport. Accompanying the Princess is Sir Philip Nichols, British Ambassador to The Hague. *Right*—The Princess arriving at the Amstel Hotel in company with Lady Halifax. On the evening of the first day of her visit the Princess joined Queen Juliana on a cruise round Amsterdam's illuminated canals. Large crowds welcomed Princess Margaret on her arrival in Holland. For the flight she was designated on duty sheets as a Very Important Person Indeed—V.I.P.I.

THE GUARDS GO EAST : MARCHING OVER WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR JOURNEY TO MALAYA : The 2nd Guards Brigade, under the command of Brigadier Erskine, D.S.O., embarked in the troopship "Empire Trooper" at Ocean Dock, Southampton, last Sunday. One thousand six hundred officers and men of the 2nd Guards Brigade left for Malaya, last week-end, and are due to arrive at Singapore on October 4. Mr. Shinwell, Secretary of State for War, was at Southampton and spent over an hour inspecting the ship and the troops, before they left. Over the loudspeakers of the "Empire Trooper," he addressed the men, saying that, although it was not customary for the Secretary of State for War to inspect troopships proceeding overseas, he thought that, on that occasion, it was his duty to make sure that conditions were satisfactory. The 2nd Guards Brigade consists of battalions of Coldstream, Scots and Grenadier Guards

THE FUNERAL OF MR. ANDREI ZHDANOV : Generalissimo Stalin (right), Marshal Vorishilov, Foreign Minister Molotov, and other heads of the Soviet State walking behind the gun-carriage on which was borne the body of the Deputy of the Supreme Soviet. Zhdanov was often referred to as being next to Stalin only in influence



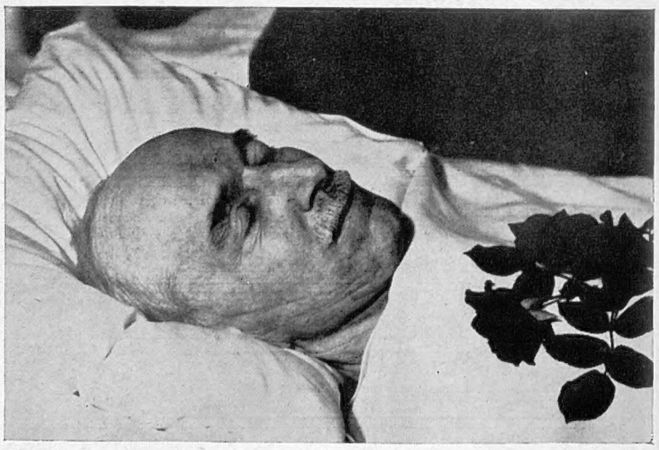
A FUNERAL ORATION IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE : Mr. Molotov, the Russian Foreign Secretary, paying a tribute to the late Andrei Zhdanov at the State funeral last week. On Mr. Molotov's left hand are Generalissimo Stalin, Georgi Malenkov, Secretary of the Communist Party, Pavlovich Beriov, head of the G.P.U., and Kaganovitch. Zhdanov is said to have died as a result of a serious illness, but until the time of his death there was no hint of this illness in the Press. There have been rumours recently that Zhdanov was not on good terms with Molotov, and it is said that there was disagreement with the timing of the Cominform's attack on Marshal Tito. As Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee and driving force of the Cominform, Zhdanov's job was to organise the Russian satellite countries on the lines laid down by the Communist Party's Central Committee in Moscow. In this task he was not entirely succeeding, as witness recent events in Poland and Yugoslavia

The Passing of BENES AND ZHDANOV

Czechoslovakia's Ex-President and Stalin's Deputy

Dr. Eduard Benes, co-architect with Thomas Masaryk of the new Republic, never recovered from the bitter blow of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia. When the news of his death became known, President Gottwald summoned the Cabinet to arrange a State funeral, and flags throughout Czechoslovakia were flown at half-mast. Madame Benes and M. Vojta Benes, his brother, were with the ex-President at the time of his death

BOTH DIED WITHIN THE YEAR : The late Eduard Benes, the second President of the Czechoslovakian Republic, and the late Jan Masaryk, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia and son of Thomas Masaryk, architect of the Czechoslovakian Republic



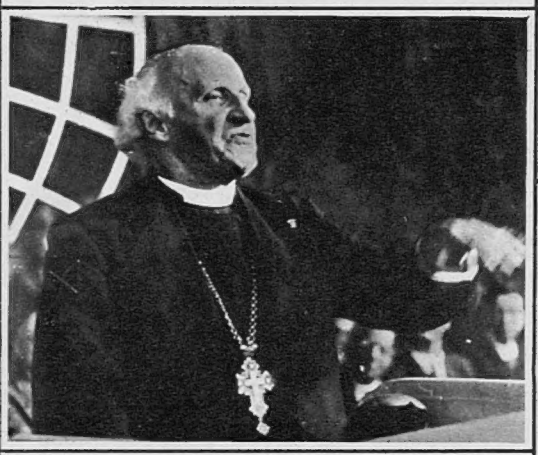
THE LYING-IN-STATE OF EX-PRESIDENT EDUARD BENES : The former head of the Czechoslovakian State, who died at Sezimovo Usti, his country home, on Friday of last week at the age of sixty-four. He had been suffering from hardening of the arteries, and, according to his doctors, he died without making any struggle for life. Dr. Benes had been in failing health ever since the Communist coup

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES

THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD RETURNS TO DUTY : The Duke of Marlborough's heir, who is a lieutenant in the Life Guards, arriving to take a parade on the Horse Guards shortly after his return from Balmoral, where he was present on the occasion of Princess Margaret's eighteenth birthday.

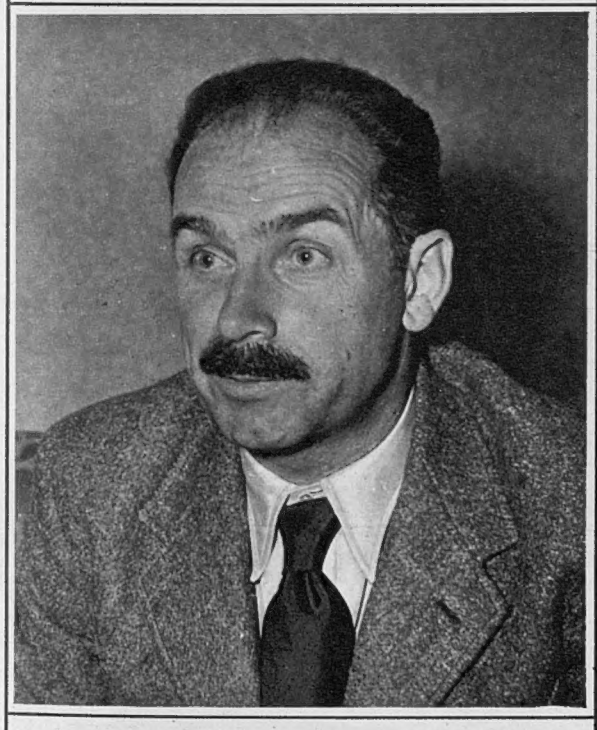
DUBLIN MOURNS THE ENVOY OF THE HOLY SEE : The Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty (left), Bishop of Killaloe, and Mr. William T. Cosgrave, Premier of Eire before the de Valera regime, arriving at the pro-Cathedral Dublin, for the obsequies of the late Most Rev. Dr. Paschal Robinson, Papal Nuncio to Ireland. Archbishop Paschal Robinson had been Papal Nuncio since 1930

ANTHONY EDEN AND HIS SON SET OUT FOR COPENHAGEN : Britain's former Foreign Secretary arriving at Kensington Air Station when en route for Denmark with Nicholas Eden. Mr. Eden, senior, made the journey to address the Anglo-Danish Society on the occasion of the Copenhagen Trade Exhibition



THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY ADDRESSES THE WORLD CONGRESS OF INTELLECTUALS AT WROCLAW : Dr. Hewlett Johnson making his speech, in which he denounced the American State Department for refusing him a visa to enter the United States. Mr. Marshall, the U.S. Secretary of State, has stuck firmly to the original decision regarding the Dean's entry

ERIC JOHNSTON SAYS HIS PIECE : The President of the Motion Picture Association of America addressing a Press conference in London, at which he made the rather staggering announcement that from October 1 the Association would rent to British exhibitors American A and B pictures as a single unit for the same programme



A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY : Dr. Wedislaw Dehring, a Pole who has been detained for eighteen months in Brixton Prison and who is wanted in France, Poland and Czechoslovakia for alleged atrocities in Auschwitz concentration camp, was released last week. He was freed, said a Foreign Office official, because the evidence against him was based on mistaken identity. Now that his case has been cleared up to the satisfaction of the authorities Dr. Dehring intends to take up medical practice in England. He will join the National Health Service

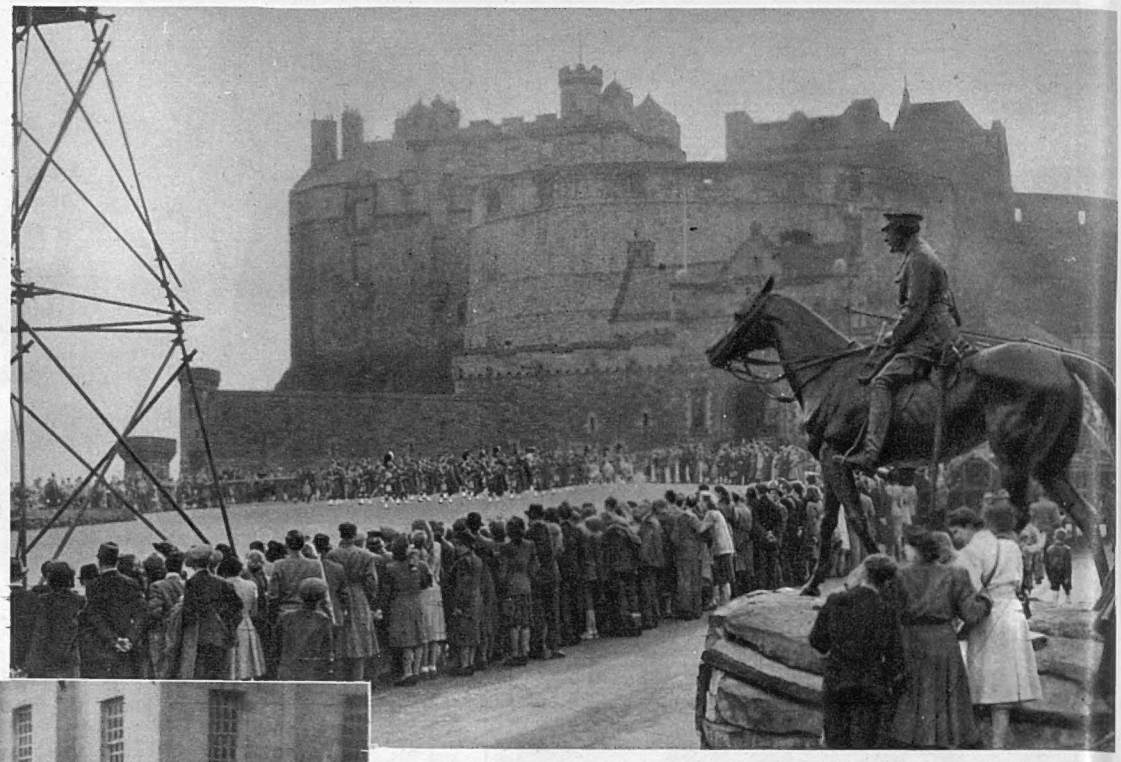
ADMIRAL LORD FRASER OF THE "NORTH CAPE" TAKES OVER AS FIRST SEA LORD : The new Chief of the Naval Staff in his office at the Admiralty after succeeding Sir John Cunningham. Admiral Fraser was responsible for the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* in northern waters and signed the Japanese surrender document. Lord Fraser was Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, after 1947, and at the close of the war he was Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet. He was born in 1888. During the recent emergency Cabinet meetings in London Lord Fraser, although not yet in office, accompanied Sir John Cunningham to Downing Street, thus ensuring the maintenance of naval policy

WEDDING BELLS FOR A DRESS DESIGNER : Patricia Cunningham, an ex-model and a fashion consultant, leaving the Roman Catholic Chapel attached to the Convent of the Assumption, Kensington Square, after her marriage last week to Charles Creed, one of London's leading fashion experts

EDINBURGH'S THREE WEEKS in the LIMELIGHT

Life in the Scottish Capital During the International Festival of Music and Drama

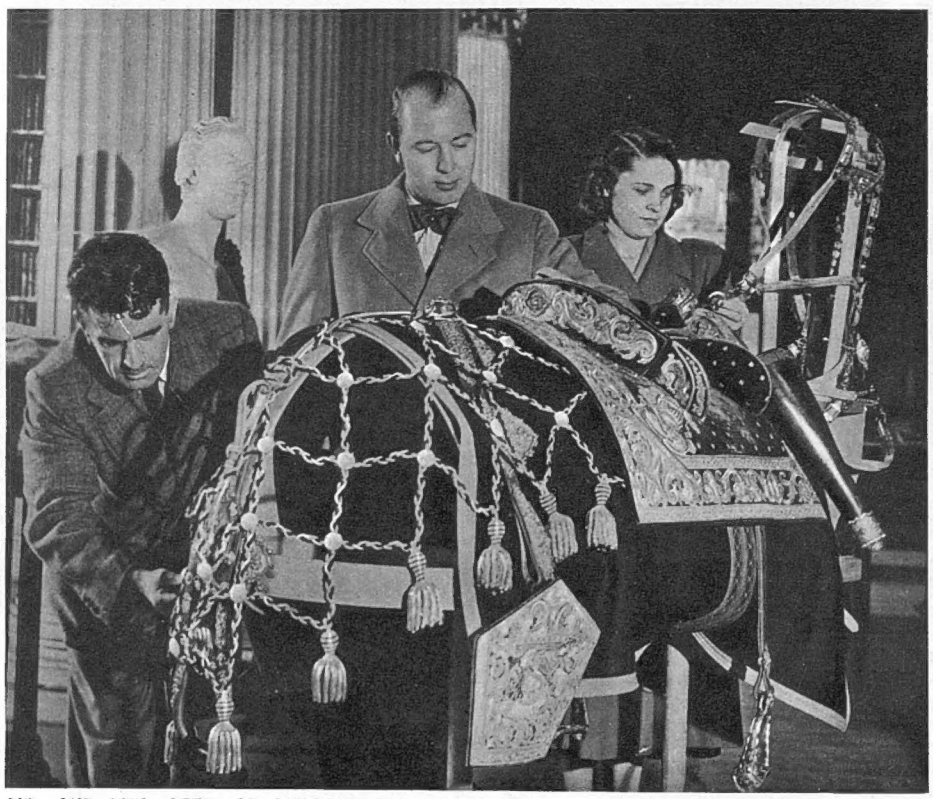
This week the Second Edinburgh Festival draws to a close. Of its brilliant success there is no shadow of doubt. Edinburgh has been the gayest of cities for twenty-one days, with its citizens, from the Lord Provost downwards, co-operating to make welcome the people of twenty-five or more nations who have joined together in a great cultural experience. Of special interest has been the production of *The Satire of the Three Estates*. The public were a little chary of this entertainment when it was first advertised, but they soon found in this old morality play that the salty Scots tongue is bandied to and fro with a will and that it is lively enough entertainment. Miss Eileen Herlie's Medea was, of course, another great event, and it seems that we can now rest assured that we have among us one capable of continuing the line of great tragic actresses. At the Royal Lyceum Theatre one of the big events has been Andre Gide's translation of *Hamlet*, presented by La Compagnie Madeline-Renaud from the Marigny Théâtre, Paris.



WHILE THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS BEAT RETREAT ON THE ESPLANADE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE : A great crowd watching the parade beneath the battlements, a musical military spectacle provided by members of the 1st Battalion. On the right is the equestrian figure of Haig

FROM THE OUTSET OF THE FESTIVAL POPULAR ENTHUSIASM RAN HIGH : A glimpse of the vast throng which assembled outside St. Giles's Cathedral for the inaugural service. They saw the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and fellow Provosts take part in a colourful procession

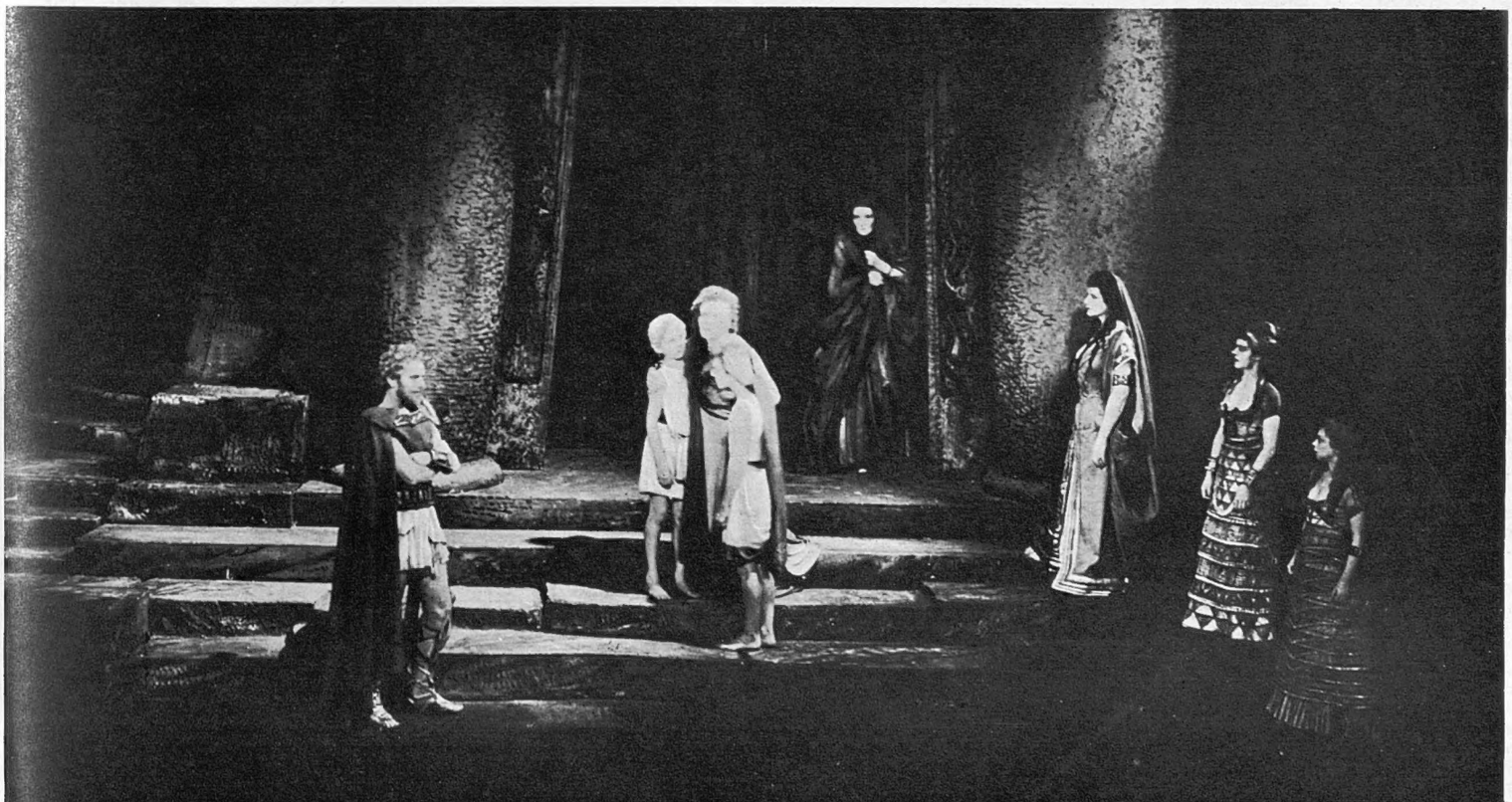
GOOD WEATHER MADE ALFRESCO DINING A PLEASURE : One of the balcony cafés overlooking Princes Street, which has been gay with flags and flowers throughout the Festival. In the background on the right can be seen the Royal Scottish Academy and Scott Monument



MR. AND MRS. LEET, OF SOUTH DAKOTA, TOUR THE EDINBURGH LACE EXHIBITION : These two American visitors (and there were a great many of them this year) paused to admire the jewelled trappings used by the Duke of Monmouth, Master of the Horse to Charles II. This exhibition is at the Signet Library, St. Giles's. Their Majesties the King and Queen both loaned treasured possessions for the period of the exhibition

CUSHION FOR A QUEEN : This red-velvet-cushioned throne, on view in the Exhibition of Old Lace and Embroidery at the Signet Library, Edinburgh, was occupied by Queen Elizabeth during a visit to Kimberley, Norfolk, 300 years ago. The Marian and Cavendish hangings, worked by Mary Queen of Scots and the Countess of Shrewsbury, have attracted particular attention, as also has Oliver Cromwell's nightcap, which is slightly burnt at one side, suggesting to the flippant observer that the Lord Protector smoked in bed

"THE SATIRE OF THE THREE ESTATES"—SIR DAVID LINDSAY'S 400-YEARS-OLD MORALITY PLAY PRESENTED IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH: Humanitie holds the stage as he goes to welcome Sensualitie (right) and her attendants. This picture was taken at the first performance of the play given since the year 1554. The play, which deals with the corruption of the clergy in the years just before the English Reformation, particularly their exactions from the poor, has proved the outstanding success of the Edinburgh Festival, the bookings reaching capacity figures after the critics had been unanimous in their praise



JOHN GIELGUD'S PRODUCTION OF "MEDEA"—EDINBURGH SEES THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDY AS ADAPTED BY ROBINSON JEFFERS, THE AMERICAN POET: Jason (Ralph Michael) has arrived to take the children from Medea (Eileen Herlie), while the Nurse (Cathleen Nesbitt) stands in the background. Miss Herlie gives a brilliant rendering of the title-role, presenting a vigorous picture of the barbarian woman deserted by the man for whom she had risked honour and life

BABEL BENEATH THE EIFFEL TOWER

The Palais de Chaillot Receives the World Counsellors

By FERDINAND TUOHY

EUROPE has had a baby, a tiny one-pounder. The very little stranger takes its place beside the five other Midget States of the Continent: Monaco, Andorra, Lichtenstein, San Marino and Vatican City. But, unlike these, its life's span is gnat-like. By Christmas it should be no more, if, indeed, disaster doesn't dissolve it ere then.

The French have christened the frail newcomer "Unosia," and they have the right to do so, seeing that they 've provided nursery, cradle and bottle, lung air and acoustics. All of these have been conjured for the United Nations Assembly meeting in a special International Zone in the centre of Paris.

Verging on bankruptcy or not, the French have gone about things in a handsome manner. I can hardly credit that a Government appropriated what I make to be nearly £700,000 at current rates. This Paris can be the most fantastically dear place, and prices just must soar when it comes to organising an Independent State, and one so transient, underneath the Eiffel Tower.

It had to be there. The site of the old Trocadéro, to which, for all its ungainliness, many Parisians look nostalgically back, has been ennobled by the sweeping, white Palais de Chaillot, which steps leisurely down to the Seine. It is just above the murmur of Paris and possesses the requisite structural body.

The Palais made its bow at the 1937 Exhibition, when its two main buildings, one on either side of the great steps, were occupied by Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, the one trying to out-scream the other. The survivor will now have to be satisfied with a section of a museum. In normal times the Chaillot houses several museums and conference halls and one of the largest theatres in Paris, and it is the remodelling of these that has cost the money.

All the Secretariat offices have been manœuvred into one of the museums which occupy the east wing of the building, and when I mention that the 600 from New York are reinforced by a multitude of temporary translators, interpreters and office workers recruited in Paris, the population of the new Midget State begins to outline itself as crowded.

In passing, the voyagers from Lake Success were chosen either because they were adjudged indispensable or because they are Europeans who would, in any case, be entitled to a trip home this year at U.N. expense. We are not told the proportion in which each category has come.

International gatherings of this magnitude have a way of dividing themselves into three layers, and the other two, Delegates and Press, are to be found in the remaining frescoed halls and museums. All three layers converge, according to programme, on the superb, air-conditioned theatre, hub of this Rotarians' Dream of a Conference Heaven.

The theatre in which the Assembly will function has been altered so as to make working space for 300 delegates, 300 advisors, 380 miscellaneous experts, and 500 Press. In addition, 800 of the public can sit in a glorified pit and gallery. Many of the advisors and experts are of the Secretariat indispensables, yet the population can still be assessed at this stage as near the 2,000 mark, and it isn't the half of it.

The Independent State of Unosia covers three main streets, in addition to the whole of the Trocadéro. It extends to the Hotel d'Iéna, where most of the delegations have their offices. The new Midget State has its own banks, restaurants, police and the best communications system in the wide world—immediate telephonic and telegraphic links with almost every capital, while a permanent broadcasting space has been added.

The French police force owes allegiance temporarily to U.N. while guarding the Palais during its spell of extra-territoriality. As for the small army of general workers, all have been screened—although that may not stop strikes inside Unosia (outside they will be routine to hamper the "Fascists" in session).

Cooks, waiters and waitresses are counted by the hundred, for the French mean to show what can be done in the feeding line at a figure corresponding to an international average. The delegates' restaurant inside the Palais is the real thing. For lesser folk, a vasty affair has been run up in the Place du Trocadéro. This is for the Secretariat and the Press, and it can handle 2,500 people a day. Nor are they asked to carry their trays, cafeteria-style. The planners refused to give up the tradition of service at tables.

So far I have enumerated only the Insiders. There are also the Outsiders. Many of the Outsiders are Insiders as well, but the bulk of the Outsiders are camped round Unosia, operating one or other of the international agencies known by initials: UNESCO, ICMEU, ECA, OEEC, AFJC, CFM, CFP. A charming language, which brings one to Bernard Shaw and his remedy for Babel—although Lord Vansittart was years ahead of him with an enticing piece called, if I remember rightly, "The Word-Game."

Underneath the Eiffel Tower the massacring of the true meaning of words should reach new heights as the many-tongued Midget divides into the freedom-loving democracies of the East, and the slaves of Western plutocracy; as fifty nations wrangle through as many motions to unite mankind. My Thesaurus provides a goodly selection for "Babel." Discord, jarring, hoarseness, confused sounds, Dutch concert, cats' concert, are some that I can hear underneath the Eiffel Tower.

But to return to those initials. There never has been such a gathering as this.

In the first place we are witnessing the return of the old League to Europe. San Francisco and the Charter wrote in a whole lot of new stuff, but in what essential way has it worked out differently, going by the issues so far raised? Listen to Deputy Secretary-General Pelt:

"We cannot claim to have done anything spectacular. We have achieved something in a few remote places like Syria, the Lebanon, Samoa, Indonesia, and to a certain extent in Korea and Palestine. Those achievements show what can be done. But we are very far from being a World Cabinet. We may be a World Parliament, but we are a very divided Parliament." And "U.N.O. still provides the platform for compromise."

I am not going to ask whether these words might not have been spoken at Geneva. And there is more. There is exactly the same apologia that used to emanate from League well-wishers. How many times did we write that the Social Services were doing well, and that they were the foundations on which the politicians might hope to build!

To-day we hear that the Health Organisation is doing well, likewise the International Children's Emergency Fund, the Food and Agricultural Organisation, the Wheat Council, the Trade Organisation, the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organisation, the Civil Aviation ditto, and the International Monetary Fund, the Tele-communications Union, the Labour Office.

We have added to the old "big five" which used to make up the Social Services, and that 's about all. In the dominant political sphere we are as stuck fast as ever. No disarmament—atomic negotiations faded out—no sign of a world police force.

It is all so reminiscent when one hears of this and that State being refused admission, and of the storm that is blowing up on the Trusteeship Council. The difference, if any, being that everything is "stepped up" now: instead of two nations waiting in the wings, there are seven applications, and instead of a lively debate on the Mandatory System, we are to have a regular offensive against the Colonial Powers.

As the Soviet, South American and Arab blocs at least are likely to line up against the Colonial Powers, is it too much to hope that these will co-operate in their defence? They are Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, the United States, Australia, New Zealand.

We have seen, then, that in addition to the United Nations mobilising in Paris, the principal international agencies are there too: European Economic Co-operation under the Marshall Plan, Mr. Harriman's supervising body for the same, the International Committee for European Unity, UNESCO (almost the only one not to need its initials translated), the Anglo-French Joint Economic Committee which has begotten a new word, "Eurafrica," the Five Brussels Powers, and the Council of Foreign Ministers.

All in Paris together at the same time, and the last of the bunch doing nought else but recalling the "Big Four" of the 1919 peacemaking.

I said there has never been a gathering like this, and one's fear is lest Providence has been over-tempted. To come in at the end with the suggestion that Versailles and its prelude hover over the scene is surely to clinch matters. Yet is it not so?

In the Paris of twenty-nine years ago Wilson, Clémenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando would meet in private to try and hammer out a settlement, the while "The Conference" up and down the Champs-Elysées buzzed with lobbying and intrigue, shook in resentment. Substitute Marshall, Bevin, Molotov and the French Foreign Minister of the Month and where 's the difference?

Where 's the difference, when Germany will be in every mind to-day as it was in the past? There is even a chance that Germans may be summoned to Paris for hearing, as formerly they were bidden to hear terms.

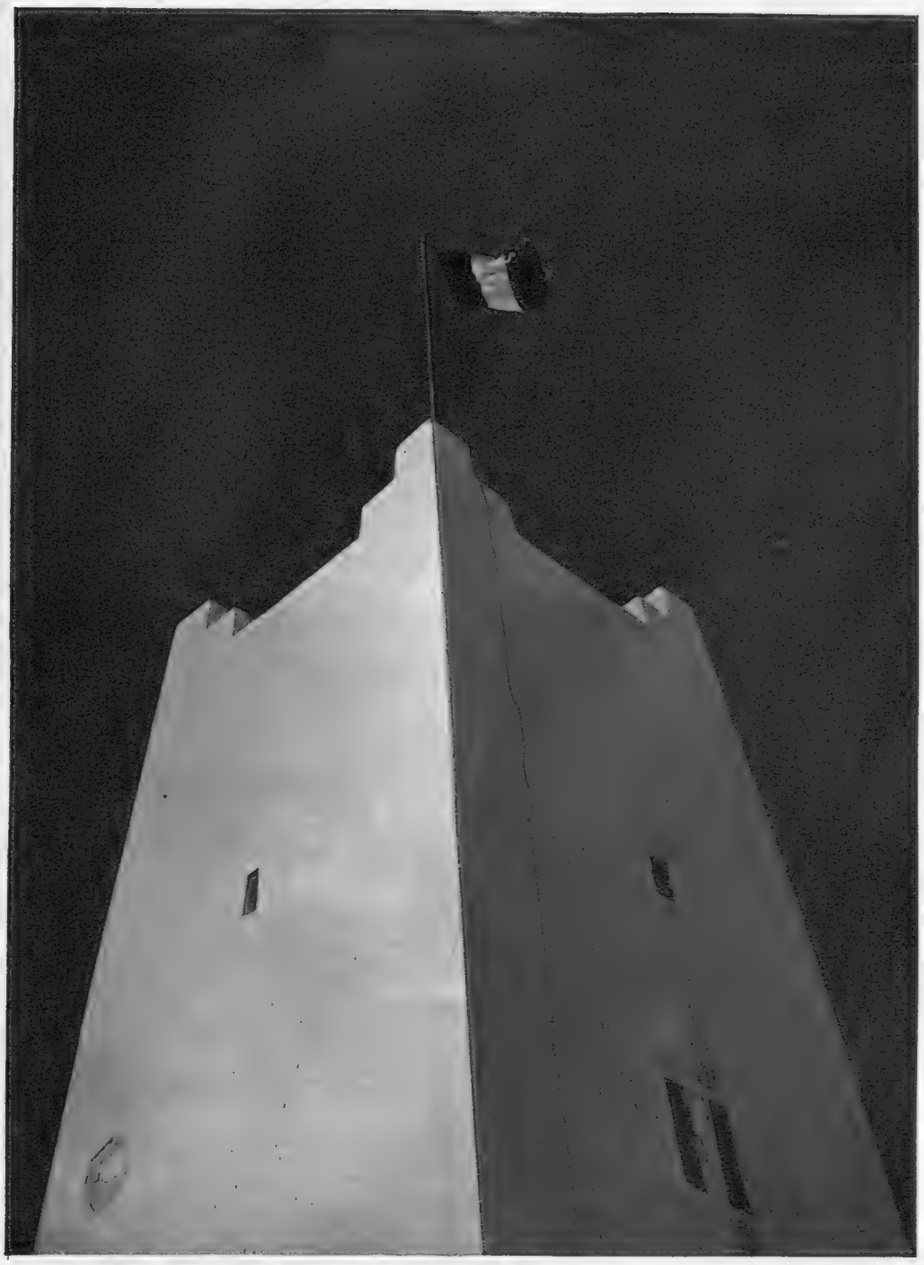
Is the talk abounding that immediately lies ahead a good thing or a bad? For you to choose. One view is that we shall have been lucky to reach September 21 without a catastrophe, and that the presence of the nations so near to Berlin may serve to broaden and deepen the determination to prevent a war over Germany, whose effect would be universally felt, terribly so over an unknown surface of the earth.

U.N. IN EUROPE—THE SPACIOUS BUILDING ON WHICH £700,000 HAS BEEN SPENT TO ACCOMMODATE THE WORLD'S COUNSELLORS: The Palais de Chaillot, which will be the home of the General Assembly of the United Nations in Paris from this month until about the end of December. The view looks across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower, and in the foreground is the Jena Bridge. The Palais stands on the site of the old Trocadéro, in the midst of an internationalised area, with its own police force and administration, and its adaptation to the present purpose has cost the French Government £700,000. The former Trocadéro, it may be remembered, was a huge building in the Oriental style and presenting the same crescent formation as the Palais de Chaillot. Rather like the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the Trocadéro outwore its early fame, although for many years remaining as an exhibition centre. The Palais has a commanding position overlooking the Champ de Mars. It was handed over to the United Nations last week by Premier Schuman

THE COMMANDING OFFICER AT FOUM EL HASSAN: Lieut.-Colonel Francis Binoche, who lost an arm at Dunkirk, discusses plans for the day with one of his officers, a White Russian who escaped

"EIN HELLES, BITTE!": German is the language spoken in the bar for enlisted men, between 80 and 90 per cent. of whom come from Germany. Political talk is strictly forbidden in the camp

TRAINING WITH HEAVY MACHINE-GUNS: The Legion is well-equipped with up-to-date weapons. The fort at Foum el Hassan takes responsibility for the one road through Central Morocco



A TYPICAL FORT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION: The watch-tower at Foum el Hassan, in Southern French Morocco. Note the ancient but effective slits to accommodate rifles

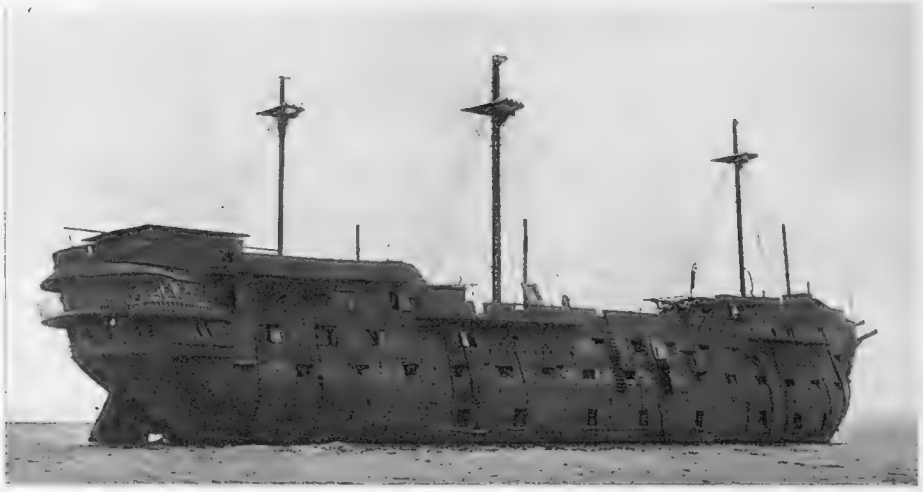
THE FOREIGN LEGION

Glimpses of Life at Foum el Hassan, where Most of the Troops are Ex-Soldiers of the German Army

Foum el Hassan is a training centre of the Foreign Legion, where new recruits remain for three to six months. Many are then posted for service in Indo-China. The officers, under Lieut.-Colonel Binoche, are French, but most of the N.C.O.s and men are now German. Technically, ex-Nazi officers are not admitted, but since most join under an assumed name and since there is no investigation, it is highly probable that many have infiltrated. There was a big influx after the 1914-18 war, and most of the senior N.C.O.s are German. Now the junior ranks are filled with young soldiers from the last war. German songs are permitted on the march and are often heard. But the Horst Wessel song is barred

GERMAN YOUTH IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION: Many of the Legionnaires came from the French Zone of Germany and signed on after their release from P.O.W. camps. One is quoted as saying: "All I know in this world is how to be a soldier." Note their sandals, the standard footwear when in camp. The curved slab of concrete in the background serves to break the force of the violent winds which sweep the desert. The white hats give protection from the intense heat

THE SENIOR N.C.O. AND A BEARDED COMRADE: Both fought with the German Army in the 1914-18 war. The senior N.C.O. has been with the Legion 25 years, the bearded one for 19



THE "WORCESTER" AT HER LAST MOORINGS OFF GRAYS, ESSEX: The famous old wooden training-ship, formerly known as H.M.S. "Worcester," has been berthed at Grays for over two years, and earlier this year she was sold to Frary Industries, of Queenborough, Kent, for breaking up. It was while this shipbreaking was taking place that the "Worcester" sank at her moorings, three men narrowly escaping with their lives. The sinking was immediately made the subject of an inquiry

THE DESOLATE GUN-DECK OF THE "WORCESTER" DURING THE DAYS OF BREAKING HER UP AND BEFORE HER SURPRISE SINKING: The timber, all English oak, is to be used mainly for Government purposes. She also has valuable copper fittings. Even though "Worcester" has sunk, it is hoped that the salvage of woodwork will be complete

BREAKING DOWN THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND: Men engaged in shipbreaking on the upper deck of the doomed warship "Worcester." The sides of the ship are of oak, and the deck-planks are of pitch-pine, all in comparatively good condition

THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE DOWN-RIVER FROM GRAYS LIES THE "CORNWALL": This well-known wooden ship sank in the Thames at the beginning of the Second World War

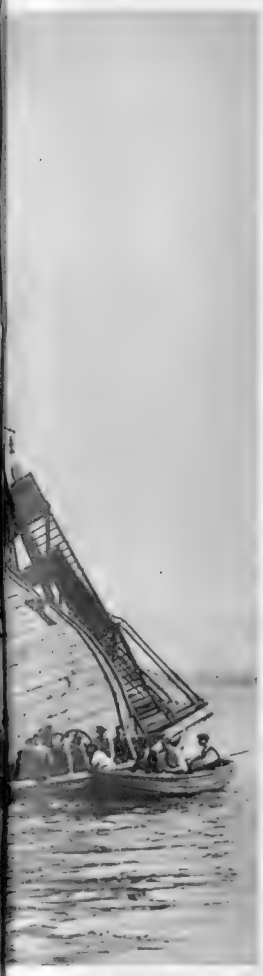
THE SUNKEN "WORCESTER" LIES WITH A 75 DEGREES LIST: How the on the morning after the sinking. This picture was taken at low put out to the scene of the sinking. Port of London inspection

THE SINKING OF THE "WORCESTER"

The Celebrated Old Training-Ship Meets with Disaster

Many a naval man deeply regretted the passing of the old *Worcester* when she was moved from her moorings at Greenhithe early in 1946, and the news became known that she was destined for the shipbreakers. As it transpired the old vessel was not to pass into oblivion without one more kick, and on Sunday of last week, in the middle of the night, she sank on to the Thames mud with a heavy list, thereby providing some hard thinking and some expensive operations for her new owners, an Isle of Sheppey shipbreaking firm. The *Worcester*, 214 ft. long and with a beam of 60 ft., was laid down in 1839 and had been known under many names. She was launched under the name of *Frederick William*. A 74-gun ship, she was used at first for coastguard duties. In 1876 the Admiralty agreed to lend her to the Thames Nautical Training College for training purposes, and in 1877 she came into use as a training-ship and her name was changed to *Worcester*. During the Second World War she was again taken over by the Admiralty and used as the headquarters of the Greenhithe section of the London Auxiliary Patrol. She was handed back to the Thames Nautical Training College in 1945, but her usefulness had passed. She was returned to the Admiralty and her place as a training-ship was taken by the *Exmouth*

THE FIRST STAGE IN THE "WORCESTER" INQUIRY: To find out just why the old training-ship sank at her moorings, Mr. Taffy Davis, of Greenwich, a representative of the Port of London Authority, dons his diving equipment and prepares to descend beneath the bows



old training-ship appeared tide when local boatmen tugs were also on the spot

ONCE A PROUD 74-GUN SHIP OF THE ROYAL NAVY: A stern view of the "Worcester" as she lay embedded in the Thames mud off Grays, Essex. She was laid down in 1839, and one of her first tasks was to engage in coastguard duties, smuggling at that time being particularly rife. During "Worcester's" long career of unexampled service, more than 4,000 cadets passed through her

THE "REVENGE" GOES NORTH—WITH THE TUGS "ENGLISHMAN," "SUPERMAN" AND "SEAMAN" TO TAKE HER ON HER LAST OCEAN VOYAGE: THE 29,000-TON WARSHIP, NAMESHIP OF HER CLASS AND VETERAN OF TWO WARS, LEAVES FOR THE SCRAPYARDS: This aerial view was taken as the "Revenge" headed out from Devonport, where for some time past she has been in reserve. Her sister-ship the "Resolution" is another casualty in the spate of post-war scrapping. The "Revenge" was completed in 1916 at a cost of about £2,500,000. She underwent an extensive refit in 1928, and again before the Second World War. She has always been regarded as a fine ship, but, like the rest of her class, suffers rather from reduced freeboard. Her sister-ship "Royal Oak" was sunk in October 1939, one of the first big casualties of the war. Another sister-ship, "The Royal Sovereign," was transferred to the Soviet Navy in 1944

AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF A MIGHTY HEAT-WAVE: An aerial view of the beaches at Coney Island, playground of the New Yorker, on the fifth day of sweltering weather in which the barometer, after hovering in the nineties, soared to 100·3 degrees. Similar temperatures were recorded in many other cities of the eastern seaboard and in the Middle West, and many factories and offices were closed because conditions were no longer endurable for normal work

BRIGHTON BEACH AT MIDNIGHT: This was Brighton, New York, where whole families moved during the heat-wave in order to get some relief and the chance of a little sleep. In Washington, which normally endures tremendous heat throughout August, "The Daily News" produced a special "very hot weather edition," and its banner headline on the front page was set 6 ins. deep with the words: "It 'll get worse before it gets any better." After more than a week of heat-wave a hurricane hit America's Eastern seaboard

AMERICANA

Foreign News in Pictures, Mainly from the United States During the Great Heat-Wave

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HOLDS COURT AT HYDE PARK: The wife of the former President receiving members of a United Nations publicity and study group on her estate. She spoke informally on the work of the Commission of Human Rights. It will be the task of the group to report on how best to make known to the world the many and varied activities of the United Nations

THE "QUEEN MARY" AND "QUEEN ELIZABETH" WOULD HAVE TO PASS BENEATH THIS GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE: The bridge, project of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, would span the Narrows between Fort Hamilton, Borough of Brooklyn, and Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. This composite picture, showing how it would appear, includes Brooklyn (on the right), the skyscrapers of Manhattan (in the far distance in the centre) and Jersey City away in the distance on the left. Brooklyn's "belt parkway" would thus be linked direct with Newark, Jersey City, and Elizabeth, enabling vehicles to by-pass Manhattan. In the foreground of the picture is Lower Bay, through which the Atlantic liners pass after coming in from Sandy Hook. The new bridge would have a centre span of 4,620 ft., which is 420 ft. longer than the celebrated Golden Gate Bridge, and 120 ft. longer than the George Washington Bridge

MR. JOHN COSTELLO GETS A BIG WELCOME FROM IRISH-AMERICANS: In the rear seat of the car are the Premier of Eire, Mrs. Costello and Commandant Michael Byrne, Mr. Costello's aide, as they leave St. Patrick's Cathedral after attending Divine service. Seated in front of Mr. Costello is Sean Nunan, the Irish Minister to the United States, and in front of Commandant Byrne is Garth Healy, the Irish Consul-General in New York. Mr. Costello caused something of a storm in Ulster when he declared in New York that Eire would not enter into an agreement with the United States and Britain "for strategic purposes to maintain peace so long as there is partition in Ireland"

STRANGE DOINGS ON THE FARM OF MRS. NELLIE THRASHER : An aerial view of the 175-acre farm at Frederick, Maryland, as 500 volunteer workers from the area, in a plan sponsored by local civic and farm organisations, renovated the place in one day. The farmhouse and outbuildings were remodelled, this including a new twenty-two-cow dairy shed. Roads were built, drainage ditches dug and fertiliser spread. In the foreground in the centre the roof of the new dairy shed is going on, and in the background bulldozers are making the basin for a new pond. It is hoped to try several such experiments in wholesale renovation

THE PROCESS OF SCREENING IN AN ATHENS CONCENTRATION CAMP : An intelligence officer of the Greek Regular Army, using a stick as a pointer, indicates the next woman Communist to be interrogated. At these camps both men and women are given courses of instruction which it is hoped will turn them into good citizens

AMERICA PREPARES TO EVACUATE THE NEW ASIAN REPUBLIC OF SOUTH KOREA : United States Army supplies on the dockside at Inchon, near Seoul, as the occupation comes to an end. The supplies will be distributed among bases in the East, but some will be sent back to America. At a ceremony in Seoul, General MacArthur was hailed as Korea's liberator as he witnessed the raising of the new flag

TOKYO HONOURS THE MEMORY OF HACHIKO THE FAITHFUL : The ceremony at the Plaza, near Shibuya Station, just before the unveiling of a new statue to the celebrated Japanese dog revered since 1935 for his unexampled devotion. The first statue was melted down in 1945 for wartime use. Few animals have ever captured the public imagination to quite the same extent as Hachiko. He was once owned by Professor Uneo, and it was his habit to go every evening to Shibuya Station to meet his master. When Dr. Uneo died, Hachiko continued to go to the station and, rain or shine, patiently kept vigil for the man he loved. For eleven years the dog never failed to put in an appearance, and his fame spread throughout Japan. When Hachiko died (recorded by THE SPHERE of April 13, 1935) Buddhist priests chanted prayers over his body and the first statue was erected to him

YOUNG GUERILLAS CAPTURED IN THE FINAL ASSAULT ON MOUNT GRAMMOS : The girls fought side-by-side with the men, revealing a remarkable tenacity in the face of heavy and continuous fire by the artillery of the Regular Greek Army. Official figures show that Greek Army losses in the campaign of the last two months amount to 590 killed and 3,130 wounded. These numbers represent over one-tenth of the forces in the operation. Casualties inflicted on the Communist forces include 3,128 killed

THE CASE OF HAROLD ALDRITT SQUIRE : The former British steel magnate, now reportedly a Mexican citizen, leaving the court in Mexico City with a member of his family after a Mexican judge had rejected a British Government request for his extradition to face charges of alleged fraud involving large sums. Squire's attorney walks behind him grinning broadly. Squire is at the moment engaged in textile production

BERLIN MERRY-GO-ROUND

The Progress of the Currency Talks and Other News from the Prussian Capital

The Moscow Conference, round which from the outset a very proper veil of secrecy was drawn, referred some of its more technical problems to the four Allied Military Governors of Germany, and last week those governors, General Sir Brian Robertson, General Clay, Marshal Sokolovsky and General Koenig, met in Berlin, hammering out details about inter-currency reform and inter-zonal trade. At the time of writing, optimism might be misplaced, but the world saw in these meetings at least approach to understanding rather than retreat and intransigence, the prevailing elements in all that has happened in the last few tragic months. Meanwhile, in Berlin the Communists have been vociferous in their demands for a new Assembly, and, as ever, an aggressive minority, they have sought to gain ascendancy through mob incitement. Their successes have been strictly limited. Meanwhile, the airlift goes on, and week by week the tonnage lifted rises steeply as more aircraft and new airstrips are brought into the service. By winter it is hoped to raise the daily tonnage to 15,000.

A PRESS BARRAGE TO GREET MARSHAL SOKOLOVSKY : Cameramen lining up on the arrival of the Soviet Commander to parley with the British, American and French commanders on the currency tangle. As with the Moscow discussions, complete secrecy shrouded the conversations, but the meeting aroused very considerable interest among Berliners

ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN : Berliners crowding the railings at the entrance to the Allied Control Authority Buildings in the United States sector of the city. They were watching to see the four Military Governors depart after their first meeting on the currency question and the question of inter-zonal trade

MARSHAL VASSILY SOKOLOVSKY LEAVES THE UNITED STATES SECTOR : The Russian Military Governor seen through the window of his car as he drove off after the talks

THE BRITISH SPOKESMAN : General Sir Brian Robertson arriving for one of the currency meetings. Sir Brian was to have paid an official visit to the Ruhr, but the urgent nature of the meetings kept him in Berlin

THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF CO-OPERATION AFTER WEEKS OF HOSTILITY : Cars arriving at the offices of the Allied Control Authority for one of the Big Four meetings. While the discussions were in progress the Berlin "Magistrat" authorised Dr. Friedensburg, the acting chief burgomaster, to approach the four Military Governors with a request that the representatives of the city might be heard

A SOVIET OFFICER DEMANDS THE CUSTODY OF HELENA KORELENKO : The interview in the American sector hospital, which resulted in a stern rebuff to the Soviet

The Soviet is seeking custody of the fourteen-year-old Russian-born orphan, Helena Korelenko, who is bed-ridden with infantile paralysis in an American sector hospital in Berlin. Two Russians appeared at the hospital on August 28 with an ambulance, and demanded that the girl be handed over, but American officials temporarily rejected Soviet claims until the case could be investigated. American public-safety men said that it was not clear whether Helena wanted to be placed in Russian hands for the operation.

HELENA KORELENKO : The fourteen-year-old Russian-born orphan and sufferer from infantile paralysis, whose custody has been sought by the Russians

THE VANISHED POMPS OF YESTERDAY : German workers seen repairing the steps which lead to the main entrance of the Reichstag Building in Berlin. Above them shattered pillars and brick blast-walls bear silent testimony to war damage added to the destruction caused in 1933, when a Nazi-inspired fire gutted the building and helped Hitler firmly into power. Now rubble and debris is being cleared from the huge building. The inscription above the entrance has its share of war-scars

THE OLD REICHSTAG BUILDING MAY BE THE NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE BERLIN MAGISTRAT : A derelict scene—looking over the Tiergarten—once one of the most famous beauty spots in the city—showing the old Reichstag Building (right) and the new Russian monument (left), the only whole structure to be seen. The Reichstag Building has been suggested as the new headquarters for the Berlin Magistrat following recent Communist demonstrations and disturbances. British authorities have reminded the Berlin City Council that the Reichstag Building is situated only 100 yards from the Russian sector of the city

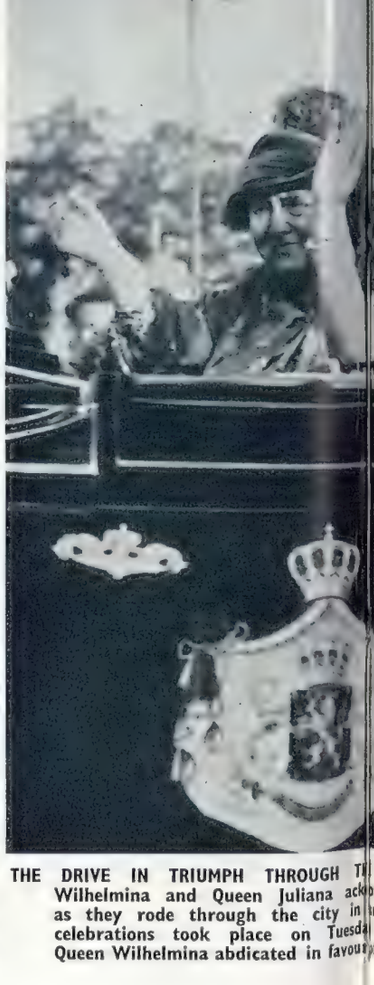
QUEEN WILHELMINA, MAKING A BRIEF RETURN TO THE THRONE TO CELEBRATE THE DOUBLE EVENT OF HER SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY AND HER GOLDEN JUBILEE, DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMSTERDAM ON ARRIVAL IN THE CITY : Queen Wilhelmina came to Amsterdam by car, but in the afternoon she drove through the streets in an open carriage

AT THE WILHELMINA PAGEANT IN THE OLYMPIC STADIUM : Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana (now Queen Juliana), and Princesses Margriet and Beatrix taking part in the Golden Jubilee Festivities in Amsterdam. Sixty thousand people packed the Stadium for this Jubilee play, symbolic of many phases of Dutch national life. Before the performance Queen Wilhelmina broadcast her thanks to all for attending the Golden Jubilee

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

Amsterdam Celebrates the Last Week of Her Reign Before the Abdication

THE CLIMAX OF THE GOLDEN JUBILEE IN THE OLYMPIC STADIUM AT AMSTERDAM : A vast crown adorned with the colours of the House of Orange is paraded round the arena. Sixty thousand people watched the pageant and they gave Queen Wilhelmina an immense ovation on her arrival. Eight thousand people took part in the pageant, and there were many spectacular moments. One item included a parade of 1,000 horsemen who, six abreast, circled the arena bearing coloured flags



THE DRIVE IN TRIUMPH THROUGH T[illegible] Wilhelmina and Queen Juliana ack[illegible] as they rode through the city in [illegible] celebrations took place on Tuesda[illegible] Queen Wilhelmina abdicated in favour [illegible]

FROM THE BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN AMSTERDAM: The Royal Family acknowledging the cheers of the populace on Golden Jubilee Day. Princess Margriet, who is obscured by the flowers, is standing in front of the Prince of the Netherlands. Queen Juliana holds Princess Marijke, her youngest daughter, and on the right are Princesses Beatrix and Irene

In brilliant sunshine all Holland was *en fête* for the Golden Jubilee celebrations, eager to pay tribute to the Queen who had ruled over her for fifty years and was now on the eve of her abdication. There were two main ceremonies during the day, the first in Dam Square, where the Royal Family made a balcony appearance, and the second following a drive through Amsterdam in an open carriage. In a broadcast to the nation, Queen Wilhelmina commended her daughter to the Dutch people.

STREETS OF AMSTERDAM: Queen owledging the cheers of the people n open calash. The Golden Jubilee of last week and last Saturday f her daughter, the new Queen Juliana

WAITING TO GREET QUEEN WILHELMINA ON THE PALACE BALCONY: A section of the vast crowd which thronged Dam Square. A tram, engulfed in the crowd, provided an admirable grandstand for a few of the spectators. While the Royal Family listened from the balcony a massed choir of 18,000 school children gave a choral tribute on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee. Many in the crowd wore carnival hats and national costume, and the city wore an air of general gaiety

THE RE-PLANNING OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE : One of the sculptural groups in the new fountain display which is now being completed in the square and which will form part of the general memorial to Admirals of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe and Lord Beatty. The unveiling is to take place on October 21, Trafalgar Day, and the ceremony will be performed by the Duke of Gloucester. This memorial to the two great sailors who led British naval operations in the First World War is being carried out to designs which, since the death of Sir Edwin Lutyens, have been completed by the Ministry of Works

A DECORATIVE MARINE SCULPTURE : This group of tritons, mermaids and dolphins, equipped with fountain jets, forms part of the west side of the Trafalgar Square Memorial to Jellicoe and Beatty. The design is by Charles Wheeler, R.A., of the Royal Fine Art Commission

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE : A glimpse of the present progress of the work on the new decorative fountains

Changing London

THE NEW TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Decay in Belgravia and in Golden Square

THE PLIGHT OF GOLDEN SQUARE : Westminster Council are to consider proposals at their meeting on October 14 for the restoration of this celebrated London square which was built in 1688-1700, and now presents a rather sorry sight, as witness this picture showing the entrance to the air-raid shelters and the dilapidated statue of George II. Few of the original buildings in Golden Square are now left, much rebuilding having taken place during the present century, and it is indeed hard to believe that it was once a fashionable place of residence. Angelica Kauffmann lived with her father at No. 16 in 1767, and about the same time John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, was another resident. Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, the friend of Pope, lived in the square when he was Secretary for War, and it was there that he entertained Prince Eugene

GEORGE II CUTS A PATHETIC FIGURE : The second of the Hanoverians, in Roman garb, crowned in a laurel wreath but with one arm missing, stands above the dilapidation of Golden Square, typifying its present state of decay. It is the work of Van Nost, 1753

BELGRAVIA REFLECTS THE RISING TIDE OF TAXATION: "To be Sold" and "Lease for Sale" notices in Belgrave Square, which has made only a partial recovery from wartime neglect, a surprising number of the houses remaining unrepaired and unoccupied

NASH TERRACES AS OFFICES FOR CIVIL SERVANTS: By the end of this year about 5,500 Civil Servants will have been transferred from offices throughout London to the famous Nash Terraces, which have been converted for the purpose. This photograph shows the part of York Gate which has been allotted to the National Association of Local Government Officers. Last year a Government Committee reported on the Terraces, and it was urged that they be restored to the Crown Commissioners

THE WRECKED PORTICO OF A BELGRAVE SQUARE HOUSE: Bomb-blasted windows with the temporary covering sagging away in one of the houses now awaiting repair. Few incomes to-day can meet the upkeep of these great mansions, and seldom now is the square the scene of a coming-out party, or some other gay affair, to keep the lights blazing through the night. The square was built in 1825 on what was known as the Five Fields, a part of Ebury Farm, which came into the Grosvenor family in the seventeenth century through the marriage of Mary Davies to Sir Thomas Grosvenor, ancestor of the Dukes of Westminster. For many years the Duke of Connaught lived in Belgrave Square, and in the '30's it was the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Kent

REPAIRING THE NASH TERRACES IN READINESS FOR AN ARMY OF GOVERNMENT WORKERS: Conversion work, overlooking Regent's Park, which was begun in the early months of 1946, has taken a year longer than was expected owing to dry rot and structural deterioration being on a much more serious scale than was at first suspected. The Nash Terraces suffered severe damage during the London blitz and also from wartime neglect. Although these houses are being taken over as offices, there is no danger of their becoming a vast permanent Whitehall. They will be handed back eventually for preservation

THE DEEP DIVERS OF LOCH FYNE

And Other Home News Recorded in Pictures

CONQUERORS OF THE DEPTHS : Petty Officer Diver William Bollard (left) is congratulated by Petty Officer W. Soper, after the former had achieved his dive of 535 ft. beneath the waters of Loch Fyne. Only a few days before this Petty Officer Soper had broken the existing American record with a dive of 451 ft.

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF PETTY OFFICER DIVER WILLIAM BOLLARD : The compression chamber is hauled aboard the submarine rescue ship "Reclaim," after the Petty Officer had set up a new record for diving in an Admiralty flexible deck diving-suit. This record depth of 535 ft. was achieved at Garvel Point, Tarbert, Loch Fyne. Petty Officer Bollard descended at 9.29 a.m., but it was not until 4.45 p.m. that he was permitted to leave the decompression chamber. The object of the experiment was to perfect a diving suit in which rescuers can work comfortably at the crash-dive depth of submarines. The former record, a dive of 440 ft., was held by America. It was broken by another member of the diving team, Petty Officer W. Soper, of Colchester, Essex, who during the day reached a depth of 451 ft. The third member of the team, Mr. B. Barrington, of Maidenhead, reached a depth of 358 ft., which was 14 ft. more than the previous British record

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE PAKISTAN NAVY PUTS IN AT PORTSMOUTH : The anti-aircraft frigate "Jhelum" seen on arrival from Karachi ; the picture being taken from the deck of H.M.S. "Belfast." The *Jhelum* has brought 200 officers and men (in addition to the 150 officers and men of her own complement) who will commission two destroyers which Pakistan is to take over from the Royal Navy. The *Jhelum*, which is to refit at Southampton, will remain here for six months, and during that time her officers and men, and those for the two destroyers, will attend instructional schools at Portsmouth. *Jhelum*, when a unit of the Royal Indian Navy, was known as *Narbada*

THE DUMMY FUNNEL WITH FOUR PRACTICAL PURPOSES : This funnel belongs to the 10,750-ton geared turbine cargo-liner "Silverplane," which, at the time of writing, is about to leave Sunderland on her maiden voyage to New Orleans. The funnel is divided into four storeys. On the top or third floor is the docking bridge, which, needless to say, gives the captain a first-rate field of view as he brings his charge into the quayside. The second floor houses the wheel-room and chart-room, while the first floor constitutes the captain's flat, including a spacious living-room, a bedroom and a bathroom. The bar, writing-room and owners' suite are on the ground floor. Captain Woodrow, who is seen standing on his docking bridge, is most enthusiastic about the *Silverplane*. After forty years in the Merchant Navy he declares : "This is the best cargo ship I have ever seen built. One would think one was living in a first-class hotel." The *Silverplane*, which was built by Joseph L. Thompson and Sons, Ltd., at their Sunderland yards, is a sister-ship of the *Silverbriar*, which set out on her maiden voyage in February of this year. Both the ships operate on a round-the-world schedule

MARGATE HAS TOO MUCH SAND : The high seas have caused the harbour to silt up in the course of the summer, and even at the top of the tide big coaling vessels can scarcely enter. A bulldozer has, as a result, been put to work near the entrance, charged with the task of removing 6,000 tons of sand. It is all great fun for the children on holiday, who delight to follow the machine

TO SCORCH THE ROADS OF PERSIA : This handsome, speedy-looking two-seater seen at the Frazer-Nash works at Isleworth, has been purchased by the Shah. It is a 120-b.h.p. 2-litre model and has proved outstanding in performance tests. It can reach a maximum speed of 118 m.p.h. in top gear and 91 m.p.h. in third gear.

CUTTING LAVENDER IN THE FIELDS NEAR HITCHIN : Britain's briefest harvest, which lasts only a week. As soon as the flowers begin to fade in the lavender fields of William Ransom and Sons, at Hitchin, Herts, all available hands on farm and factory are turned over to getting the crop in. For one week the lavender industry works twenty-four hours a day. If the crop is good they pick a ton of lavender off every acre. After steaming for five hours, the lavender oil is taken off in vapour, cooled and condensed. There remains a mixture of oil and water. The oil rises to the top and is ladled off and bottled. One ton of lavender produces 20 lb. of oil

AN ART CLASS IN THE OLD-WORLD STREETS OF CRANBROOK : Members of the Arts Centre at Baker's Cross sketching the celebrated mill which rears itself picturesquely in the Kentish town of Cranbrook. The Arts Centre forms part of the elaborate nation-wide chain of clubs organised under the auspices of the National Association of Boys' Clubs

MEET THE AWONTIBO, THE LITTLE LEMUR WITH THE BIG EYES : Less than 6 ins. long and weighing about 1 lb., this is said to be Britain's only awontibo, a species of lemur valued at £150. It is at the moment in the sanatorium of the London Zoo, where it receives a diet of bananas, pears, and other fruit. The Awontibo was only recently brought to London after a journey from the West Country

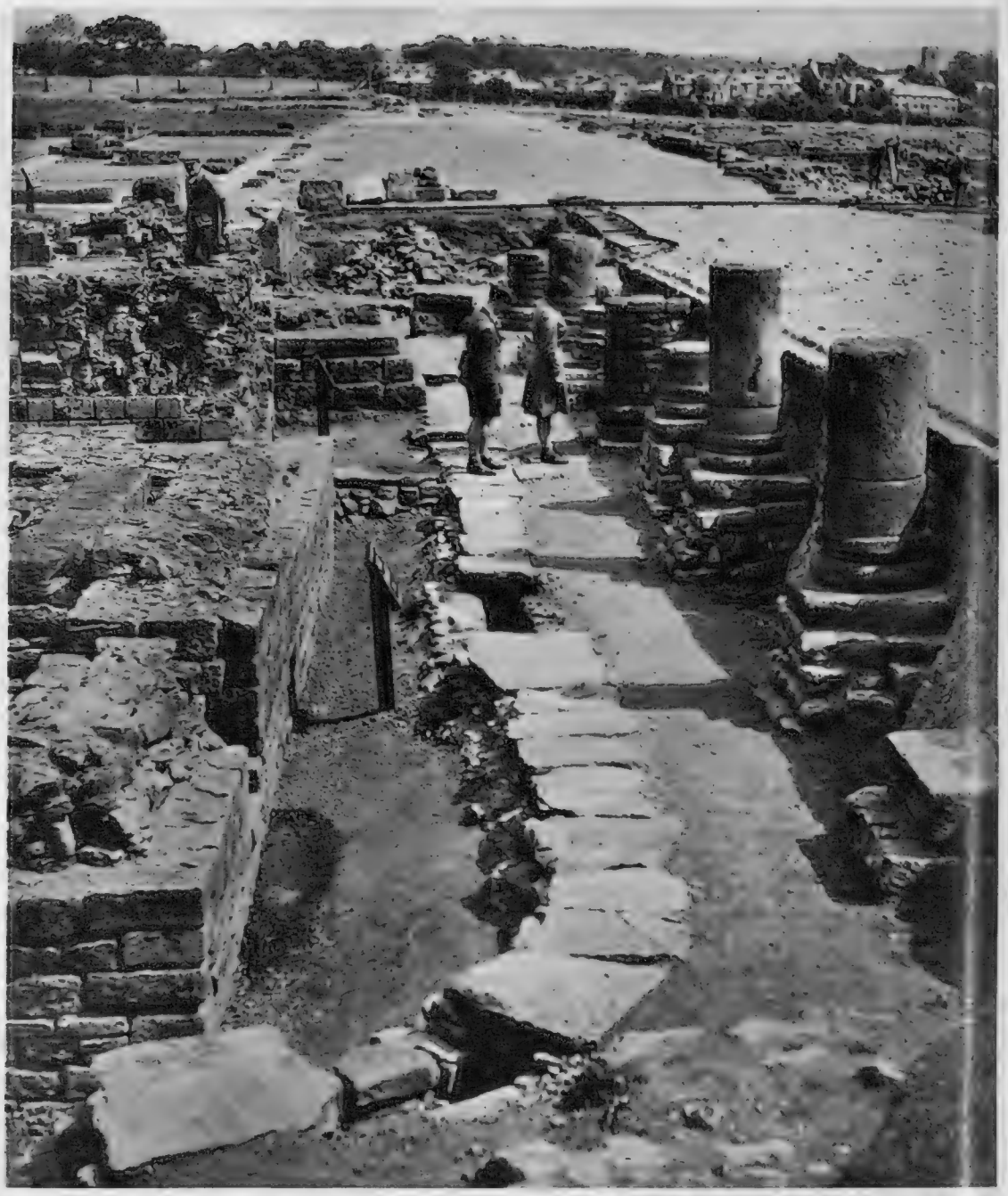
THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH HOLDS A PARTY FOR THE CAST OF "MEDEA" : Lord Provost Murray (left), with producer John Gielgud, Eileen Herlie, who plays the title-role, and Ralph Michael, who takes the part of Jason. The production of "Medea," one of the big successes of the Festival, is illustrated on page 327 of this issue. The Festival closes this week-end after three crowded weeks of brilliant entertainment

THE QUEST FOR ROMAN AND MEDIEVAL BRITAIN

The Leatherhead Excavations in their Second Season; Youth at Hadrian's Wall; The Farningham Villa

SOME RECENT FINDS: Piecing together fragments of bowls, one of them dating from the start of the twelfth century, after they had been unearthed at The Mounts, Pachesham, near Leatherhead, where a second season of excavation work has been initiated successfully. Evidence has been found of substantial buildings at The Mounts, and they are attributed to a period between A.D. 1100 and 1350

A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BOWL: It bears on its base the marks of a tripod which held it over the charcoal fire. It is one of the more important of the latest finds at the woodlands site, The Mounts, near Leatherhead, Surrey



ALONG THE PATH OF HADRIAN'S WALL—THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN FORT AT CORSTOPITUM (THE MODERN CORBRIDGE): Corstopitum, with its extensive Roman relics, always receives a large number of visitors during the summer and early autumn, and it is an ideal centre from which to explore the eastern line of the celebrated wall which Hadrian built between Bowness, on Solway Firth, and Wallsend-on-Tyne

EXCAVATING AMID THE SURREY WOODLANDS: Work in progress at The Mounts, Pachesham, near Leatherhead, where members of the Leatherhead and District Local History Society have been operating the diggings in conjunction with the Surrey Archæological Society

Thought to be a Roman earthwork, because of the discovery of Roman tiles in a nearby field, the picturesquely wooded Mounts site, near Leatherhead, where a second season of excavation has been in progress, is revealed as the site of a medieval moated homestead. The homestead probably stood there for three centuries, and when, midway in the reign of Edward III, it fell into decay it was probably robbed. This season's work has been confined to the western part of the site inside the moated area. Two extensive pieces of wall have been found, but the general plan of The Manor is not as yet revealed.

A REMNANT OF STANE STREET: This path at Halnaker, Sussex, winds its way over the downs to the Roman excavations at Bignor, where it merges with the present main road to London. It forms a portion of the celebrated Stane Street, along which the legions marched from Chichester to London

PILGRIMS TO HADRIAN'S WALL—SCHOOLCHILDREN WENDING THEIR WAY ALONG THE GREAT RAMPART AT A POINT WEST OF HOUSESTEADS: The wall, 73½ miles in length, was erected by Hadrian about the year 122 and repaired by Severus about 208. It mainly consisted of freestone blocks with a rubble core, perhaps 18 ft. high and 6 ft. to 9½ ft. thick, flanked by a ditch averaging 36 ft. by 15 ft. A military road ran more or less parallel to the wall on the south side, with an outer ditch and earthen mound—the vallum. At intervals of a Roman mile were about eighty smaller castella, or milecastles, 60 ft. by 70 ft., whereof fifty-two are traceable to this day. Between them were 320 recessed watch-towers

ON THE SITE OF THE FARNINGHAM ROMAN VILLA: Students working in the excavations under the guidance of Colonel G. W. Meates (centre), of the Darenth Valley Archæological Society. This villa, believed to belong to the first century, was undoubtedly both large and important. It seems that it was 160 ft. long and 45 ft. wide, with two projecting wings. It faced south-east, and along this façade was a large corridor. Behind the corridor lay a series of rooms, and behind these again was another corridor of lesser dimensions

AT WORK ON THE FARNINGHAM SITE: Colonel G. W. Meates, of the Darenth Valley Archæological Society, in a corner of the foundations of one of the rooms of the villa

600 YEARS of GONVILLE and CAIUS

An Ancient Cambridge College Celebrates its Foundation

IN THE QUIET SERENITY OF CAIUS COURT: A view looking north-east, showing on the right the Gate of Honour. This year Gonville and Caius celebrates the 600th anniversary of its foundation by Edmund Gonville, Rector of Terrington St. Clements, Norfolk. It was in the sixteenth century that the College's fortunes were revived by the physician John Caius

In 1348 Edmund Gonville, already known as the founder of Rushworth College, Norfolk, obtained from Edward III permission to establish a college in Lurteburgh Lane, Cambridge, and it was officially called the Hall of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. To-day that foundation, under the name of Gonville and Caius College, celebrates its 600th anniversary. The original idea of Gonville was to provide the means of educating a pious priesthood, but the original intention was not altogether adhered to, and there were times when the study of civil and canon law tended to oust theology from pride of place. The second great name associated with the College is that of John Caius, another Norfolk worthy, who enlarged the original site of the buildings and erected an additional court, together with the three gates of Humility, Virtue and Honour. Caius was an eminent physician and scholar, and in a notable dispute between physicians and surgeons, when the former body challenged the right of the latter to administer internal remedies as part of their treatment of internal maladies, he won a great victory for the physicians. John Caius' Catholic sympathies led him into many disputes and resulted eventually in his dismissal from the post of Royal Physician.

THE GATE OF VIRTUE AND THE GATE OF HONOUR: These are two of the three symbolic gateways of the College of Gonville and Caius. The first of them is the Gate of Humility (which is still preserved in the Master's Garden). The Gate of Virtue (*on left*) bears the date 1567, ten years after Dr. Caius came to Cambridge to revive the fortunes of the College. The Gate of Honour (*on right*) was intended for the exclusive use of students on completion of their studies, the idea being that they should pass this way en route to receive their degrees in the schools building directly opposite. Some of the original embellishments have worn away from the massive gate

THE LAST BATTLE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 65TH FIGHTING WING OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE: The sixteenth-century Grammar School at Saffron Walden, Essex, the market town where the Americans are planning to build a playing-field and a memorial hall to the memory of the American airmen who lost their lives when going out against Germany from East Anglian airfields

THE ANCIENT SUN INN: This architectural antiquity of Saffron Walden belongs in part to the fourteenth century. In 1647 it was the temporary headquarters of the Roundhead leaders. The inn was transferred to the keeping of the National Trust in 1933

IT WAS A BEACON TO THE "FORTS" AS THEY STREAMED BACK FROM GERMANY: The spire of the parish church of St. Mary, Saffron Walden, which helped many a pilot

Chosen as the site of a memorial to all the American dead who were based in Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Herts and Kent, the little Essex town of Saffron Walden has suddenly leapt into fame in the United States. A fund to provide a playing-field and memorial hall is growing rapidly in America, and in many a magazine and newspaper will be found long and detailed articles of the history of this little place which was so strongly identified with America's all-out air effort against Germany. Saffron Walden was actually the headquarters of the 65th Fighting Wing of the United States Air Force, and it is also remembered by Americans because of the action of a local farmer's wife who died trying to save the crew of a blazing Fortress. Since the recent return of American airmen to East Anglia, many who knew Saffron Walden during the war days have made pilgrimages there from their temporary stations in Norfolk and Lincolnshire

Fame Comes to SAFFRON WALDEN

An Essex Town in which America will Commemorate Her Flying Men

CONTRASTING ARCHITECTURAL STYLES IN AN ESSEX MARKET TOWN: *Left*—The timbered front of the Tudor-style Town Hall. *Right*—The market square with the Corn Exchange clock tower in the background. During the closing stages of the war Saffron Walden became known to many thousands of American airmen, many of whom had a great affection for the place, with its quaint streets and its extraordinary variety of architecture—good, bad and indifferent

LE TOUQUET FIGHTS ITS WAY BACK

Summer 1948 Sees Many Improvements in the Luxury Resort

BY CHARLES GRAVES

NATURALLY, if the visitor's dream comes true and the Casino pays for his holiday, it is almost impossible to find any faults with the resort at which he has been staying. In my case this is more than somewhat true. Not only did the roulette tables oblige, but there has been unbroken sunshine since our arrival last week, and as I am going back to England as soon as I have finished this article, there is no danger of my returning to the Casino and spoiling the whole effect of a delightful week.

Since my visit last year Le Touquet Paris-Plage has improved enormously in every way, and there are great plans afoot to bring it back entirely to pre-war standards. This means the rebuilding of the Casino de la Foret, redecorating the Hermitage and turning the golf club into an American-style country club with numbers of cottages in the grounds and an extension of the main building itself. All this, of course, will cost a great deal of money. The estimate for the rebuilding of the Casino is £200,000, twice that of redecorating the Hermitage. So much for the future.

Since last year, the German prisoners of war have all departed and their hutments have become the homes of local French people. The golf course is now 18 holes long—the entire Old course. True, nine of the greens are still rough, but by next spring will be as good as ever. The *plage* has been entirely cleared of the quantities of old iron and carcases of V 1's which exploded prematurely in 1944 and 1945. The swimming-pool is as gay as ever it was. There are hundreds of gaily-coloured bathing-tents and there is scarcely a shop or a bar in Le Touquet which has not been redecorated. Last year it was somewhat pathetic to see the numbers of closed premises, all the way from the Hermitage up to the Plage. To-day there must be as many bars in Paris Plage as there are in Dingle, where fifty-two of them serve the needs of 3,000 people.

Motor-cars are much cheaper to hire than last year, particularly in view of the inflated franc. The equivalent of 5s. to the golf club is reasonable enough; so, too, is the charge of 1,650 francs to take you all the way to Boulogne, nineteen miles distant. One must be careful, of course, at a big luxury hotel not to stray too far beyond the confines of the set dinner, but even then it is possible to have, by English standards, a real banquet of five or six courses for 1,000 francs.

Wines and spirits are very cheap. You can buy an excellent bottle of champagne for 11s.; a bottle of Three Star brandy for 12s. or 13s., and a bottle of liqueur brandy for £1 in any of the wineshops in Paris Plage. Not that one would like to live privately even in Paris Plage, where prices have not really caught up with the inflated franc. The bread-ration card and the butter-ration card for children (as opposed to adults) are the only ones which are honoured immediately. Local residents are lucky if their August rations for sugar and fats are honoured a month later. Meat is officially rationed, but in practice no butcher bothers with the ration cards, and steaks cost the public the equivalent of 7s. 6d. lb. Eggs are now about 23 francs each.

The butter ration for adults has not been received for four months. The extraordinary part of this is that the farmers are said to have offered to arrange a free market in butter at 400 francs per kilo, but the Government refused, with the result that the black market, the only way in which butter can be secured, now stands at 900 francs.

There seems to be much ill-feeling about the hordes of civil servants in France, whether they are in the French Ministry of Food or are so-called Reconstruction officials who are highly paid and, according to the inhabitants of the much-damaged Pas de Calais, do little or nothing for their money. The French Treasury has been exceedingly grudging in its grants of aid, even though a holiday resort such as Le Touquet is officially a No. 1 priority. So far, the Casino, which also owns the Hotel Westminster, has been paid back 35,000,000 francs of the 55,000,000 it has spent. But already the State has got back 25,000,000 in direct taxes up to the end of June. In the circumstances, a bill of 10,900 francs at the Westminster from Tuesday to Monday for a bedroom and bathroom seems very reasonable, even if the guest does not take all his meals in the hotel.

Vincent Stoneham, who owns the golf course and golf club, has so far received 1,000,000 francs towards his costs, but this is, of course, totally inadequate. In spite of these frustrations, Le Touquet is very gay. The roulette and chemin de fer tables are crowded and hundreds of visitors on their way back from the South of France are realising that it is a very pleasant place in which to spend any surplus francs which they may have.

There is quite a brisk trade in the sale of petrol coupons which have been given very lavishly to British visitors. Here they fetch 400 francs per 10-litre coupon, so any visitor who has a few in hand can sell them locally and enjoy himself for a night or two before returning to the austerities of England. Le Touquet, indeed, has become quite a bottleneck for people who have been spending their major holiday in the South of France, and one hears all kinds of tales of the gay life on the Riviera; but unless everybody has been very myopic it seems that there has been much less of this official snooping in the casinos to see whether British visitors were losing more than their basic £35, as happened last year. Not that the Bank of England will fail to trace any cheques drawn foolishly on the Continent. But now most people seem to be aware of the dangers of doing this so openly as in 1946 and 1947.

Reverting to the Le Touquet Casino, the croupiers are very much more efficient than at Whitsun last year when, being literally new to the game, they were slow in dealing with the winning chips, and more than once in my presence made a mistake, particularly when some difficult gambler claimed stakes which did not, in fact, belong to him. This time I have found them all most obliging and amiable and quick. I meant to find out what they did for the rest of the year—the Le Touquet season is almost exactly 100 days in the year—but have not yet done so.

Some of the braver English visitors, both here and in the South of France, have played chemin de fer, but it is rather a dreary business, having to wait until the shoe comes round without punting and being barely able, even then, to risk a bank more than twice. At some casinos, indeed, it is not easy for the English to find seats because the casino knows that they have so little money and therefore are inclined to cramp the game.

During August at Le Touquet the smallest chips at roulette were 100 francs, but now 20-franc chips are permissible until the end of the season. This takes place on September 26, when, be it noted, everybody in the Casino is given a free champagne supper. This is a delightful revival of a pre-war custom.

In the meantime, the comedy of the £35 is perennial. A noble English lord sitting beside me at roulette worked a very painfully slow system which only enabled him to bet 100 francs every ten minutes or so. I am glad to report that it was successful, and he has just told me with pride that he, too, has paid for his holiday out of his winnings at roulette. At the same time, he had a severe shock yesterday afternoon when he found that he had 500 francs fewer than he thought. To win 3,000 francs (not much more than 3 guineas) makes one feel like a millionaire in France.

To lose it is like suddenly going on the dole.

Everything is relative to the £35, except for the lucky ones who "have made arrangements." There is this about it, though: if you find that you have more than the 4,000 francs with which you are legally permitted to leave the country, you can always lend them to unfortunate compatriots who are staying another two or three days and do not quite know how to pay their hotel bill.

There have been very few Americans here this season. Among them, however, have been the former Brenda Frasier, New York's most glamorous debutante since Barbara Hutton, and her husband, "Shipwreck" Kelly. "Shipwreck," who is known as "Ship" to his wife, was an all-American footballer, and looks it. He has been busy learning chemin de fer during his visit.

Hardelot, which I visited yesterday, is definitely ruined as a holiday resort for years to come. There seems little hope of bringing the golf course back to life, though one can recommend the Hotel des Arcades for a meal on the way back to Boulogne and England. The Picardy Hotel at Le Touquet has had much work done on it, but the most conservative estimate is that it will cost nearly £500,000 to renovate entirely. And £500,000 is an absolutely fantastic number of francs, of course. From the air it looks quite habitable, but it is only a shell of its former self. It is, incidentally, the earnest belief of the inhabitants of Le Touquet Paris-Plage that all the devastation wrought from the air on the neighbourhood was done by American aircraft and not British.

Golf, of course, remains the primary attraction of Le Touquet, and it would not surprise me if, next year, Buck's Club returns to the scene of its former week-ends. But the Drag has been revived, and there is any amount of hacking. Race meetings occur three times in the season and the standard of sport is always high. There are large numbers of tennis courts available.

Altogether, the return to prosperity of Le Touquet is a good example of private enterprise on the part of the inhabitants, determined at the rehabilitation of their town. Credit, where it can be placed in particular, goes to the two young sons of the late M. Aboudaram, who run the Casino and the Westminster.

LE TOUQUET FROM THE AIR—THE RESORT AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH MUCH RECONSTRUCTION ALREADY ACHIEVED: On the left is the Casino de la Foret. The Picardy, which will cost £500,000 to renovate, dominates the centre of the picture, and away on the right are the Hermitage and Westminster hotels. Even three years after D-Day Charles Graves noted in "The Sphere" that the front at Le Touquet was a sorry sight, a wall along the sandy foreshore revealing fragments of bombs, and even flying bombs which presumably had failed to be launched successfully. This year Mr. Graves notes many improvements on his 1947 visit

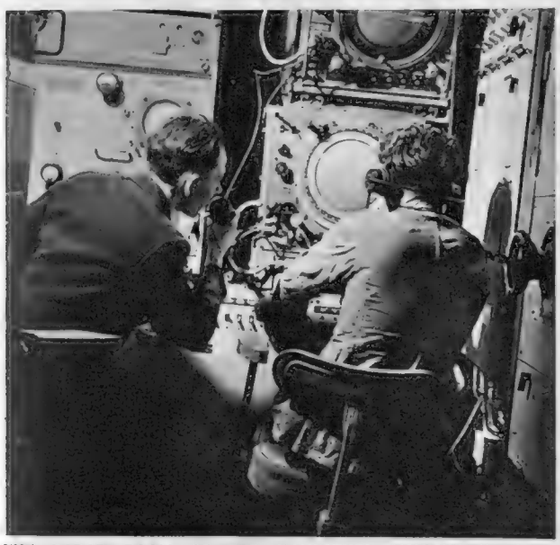
THE BALLOON GOES UP 250 MILES SOUTH OF ICELAND: The *Weather Watcher*, formerly the ex-submarine hunter *Snowflake*, is one of four such vessels, converted to weather-ships, two at a time provide Britain's share of the thirteen vessels, anchored in the North Atlantic, of the International Civil Air Organisation (I.C.A.O.). 80 ft. below the balloon hangs the radar target

WEATHER OBSERVING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

The "Weather Watcher" Takes Station

The *Weather Watcher* is one of the four former Flower-class corvettes, converted into ocean weather-ships for the Meteorological Office of the Air Ministry. The others are the *Weather Observer* (ex-*Marguerite*), the *Weather Recorder* (ex-*Genista*) and the *Weather Explorer* (ex-*Thyme*). Thirteen weather-ships are anchored in the North Atlantic under the directions of the International Civil Air Organisation, of which eight are provided by the United States, two by Great Britain, one by France, one by Norway and Sweden, and one by Holland and Belgium. The British corvettes were converted in the Royal Naval Dockyards at Sheerness, Devonport and Rosyth. Their superstructures are painted yellow, the colour which shows up most clearly at sea. The crew of the *Weather Watcher* consists of twelve officers, twenty petty officers and twenty ratings

SERVICING THE RADIO TRANSMITTER: William Timms, eight years in the R.A.F., checks over the transmitter which will be suspended below the meteorological balloon



THE RADAR ROOM OF THE "WEATHER WATCHER": The following day's weather forecast depends on data gathered from the course of the balloon, plotted by radar and other meteorological observations. The radar target, which hangs below the balloon, is made of tinfoil, and there is a wireless transmitter which sends out information concerning pressure, humidity and temperature

THE METEOROLOGICAL ROOM OF THE "WEATHER WATCHER": Each day the Met. men translate reports picked up by the radio officers from the balloon's radio transmitter; the balloon course; and other data, such as sea temperatures, for their weather reports. The weather-ships' main function is to provide these meteorological reports, but they may also provide search and rescue services and make oceanographical and other scientific observations. Two ships out of the four, provided by Britain, are on patrol at a time. The *Weather Watcher* is stationed in the Atlantic 250 miles south of Iceland and 500 miles north-west of Londonderry, North Ireland

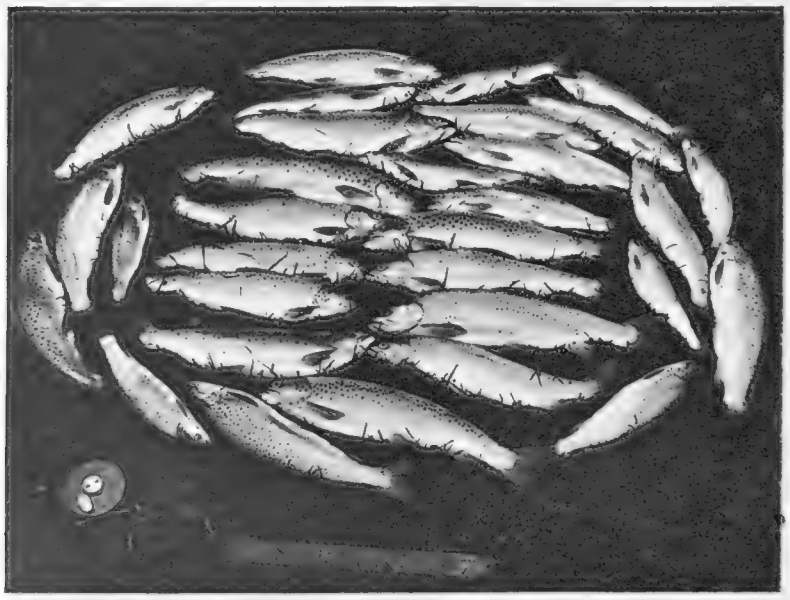
THE RADIO OFFICER RELAYS METEOROLOGICAL INFORMATION TO AN AIRCRAFT: Signals from the wireless transmitter, below the balloon, are picked up by radio officers in the *Weather Watcher*, who also report the day's calculations to the chief forecasting station at Dunstable and to transatlantic aircraft

The World of Books

ALBERT CAMUS AND "THE PLAGUE"

A Brilliant Translation of a French Novel of Vivid, Vital Power; Antoon Coolen Presents Some Grotesque Characters

IN 1947 *La Peste* was first published in France, but it did not require this great novel, for such it is, to tell the French people that they have in their midst a novelist of the first order, with something of the power of Malraux. Now Stuart Gilbert's fine translation appears under the title of THE PLAGUE (Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.), and in the hands of this sensitive translator that original power would appear to be in no way diminished. *The Plague* is the narrative of a great calamity of our own times, the devastation of the Algerian town of Oran first by bubonic, and then by pneumonic, plague; and through the eyes of Dr. Rieux, the heroic doctor with a humane and courageous philosophy, we see the impact of this dread visitation upon the people. In quarantine from the rest of the world, unable even to write letters, with only the telegraph, with all its banality, as a link with friends beyond the gates, the men and women of Oran are thrown back upon their own resources. For each one the tragedy of isolation and death has a personal aspect, and Albert Camus attempts to show that man, despite all his littleness, his hates, his fears, his vices, has a tendency to emerge with renewed strength from the ordeal the better for having suffered. The mood of the citizens changes from disbelief to terror, then to hope and indifference, and on that fine February morning, when the ceremonial opening of the gates takes place and the first trains begin to run, when long-parted couples are re-united, when hopes deferred are at length realised, we finally share in all the immensity of the people's relief. It is writing of a high order, indeed, and the final chapters, "as happiness bears down full speed, the event outrunning expectation," scarcely giving time for further reflection to men and women upon whom the pestilence had forced a new detachment, have an unforgettable emotional quality. If it has been Albert Camus's purpose to show that in time of trial we learn that in men there are more things to admire than to despise, he keeps this gospel of hope, this conception of a sainthood born of calamity, that has very little to do with religious faith, as an undercurrent to his narrative. He holds his moralising within stern limits, and therein lies one source of his vital, vivid power as a novelist.



BEST FOR TWO RODS ON LOCH LEVEN THIS YEAR: The famous trout loch has not been kind to anglers this season, but two Perth fishermen, Duncan Campbell and Alexander G. Bell, of the Perth Anglers' Club, seem to have broken the spell; fishing from the Green Isle, under good conditions, they took a basket of thirty-one trout weighing 27 lb., three of the fish being 2-pounders. This is the best basket for two rods so far achieved this year. The successful anglers found that their most productive flies were Peter Ross, Grouse and Green, Greenwells and Golden Butcher

On the market-place in the shadow of the old church stood the inn called The Cross Purposes, a large and sturdy building, according to village standards. What went on in that Dutch inn, and what went on in the village and the farms around it, was perhaps all a little larger than life if we are to accept the judgment of Antoon Coolen. Coolen, like Albert Camus, one of the major living European novelists, is blessed also with a brilliant translator in Jacobone Menzies-Wilson, and partly for this reason, the reader will find it easy enough to accept the grotesqueries of THE CROSS PURPOSES (Collins. 9s. 6d.), leaving the way clear for him to admire the mastery with which the author builds up a picture of contemporary rural Dutch life. Even so, they are an incredible lot of characters, foremost among them being Jan Jacob, the village postman, who wears an orange bathing-cap to annoy his wife and carries around a rope, a revolver and a knife, just in case her periodic frenzies drive him to suicide. Then there are the Deysselbloems. Four of them; three brothers and a sister, and a more gauche, ungainly, barbaric and rapacious family of misers one could not find. When Anna comes to marry the younger brother Martien, there is trouble in abundance. The brothers even hide the food, wolfing down the better part of their rations when Anna has gone to bed. As for Thijs Rooyakers, whose crime against farmer Horkman's little daughter sent him to gaol and whose act of self-immolation, intended as expiation, led to his premature death, we just have to accept him along with the incredible Mr. Gerard, ever seeking the flesh-pots of Aix la Chapelle and ever driving in fast cars away from reality. Antoon Coolen certainly works upon a vast canvas, but his touch is sure, his sympathies are wide, and if his rogues, his philistines and his exhibitionists do seem a trifle crude at close quarters, the overall picture has the aspect of delicacy, the delicacy perhaps of a Brueghel painting, with the same multiplicity of detail making for simplicity of effect. In some ways *The Cross Purposes* is an uneven book, but there is no gainsaying the pleasure that it will give.

Leo Walmsley has a way with him. There is no doubt about that, and his Bramblewick novels and Bramblewick folk have a neat little niche of their own in contemporary literature. In MASTER MARINER (Collins. 10s. 6d.), his latest effort, the setting is the same, and his army of readers will enjoy hugely this strange but credible story of a man who became as intoxicated with religion as he had previously been with drink. Readers will have to make up their minds whether Tom Bransby was more unendurable as the village drunkard than he was when he suddenly became a ranting Bible slammer.

A very different type of story is Vivian Connell's THE GOLDEN SLEEP (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), and those who like romance and/or passion laid on with a trowel here it is, with the beautiful but morbid Grieg as the *femme fatale* who lures from wife and home the young and brilliant novelist Calvin Spring. Some may feel that the young and brilliant novelist Vivian Connell would do well to avoid such strong meat and return to his earlier manner.

The death of Elizabeth Myers in 1947 was a sad loss to literature, as all who read *The Basilisk of St. James's* will testify. GOOD BEDS—MEN ONLY (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of her short stories, the products of a discerning mind and a generous heart. They will be warmly welcomed.

Rumer Godden is a novelist of individuality and importance. Her latest tale, A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.), has the ballet for its background, and Madame Holbein, a brilliant ballerina of the past, who runs a ballet school in her home, as one of the central characters in a conflict of wills and personalities very much in the manner we expect from an author who excels in her portrayal of the subtlety of human relationships.

For the detection fans three books present themselves. THE SECRET THREAD (Collins. 8s. 6d.), by Ethel Vance, the story of an unusual adventure in New York; SHE SHALL HAVE MURDER (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.), by Delano Ames, who provides both wit with detection; and AMONG THOSE ABSENT (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.), by Manning Coles, an exhilarating story of an engaging gangster.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BYZANTINE PAINTING AND DEVELOPMENTS IN THE WEST BEFORE A.D. 1200, by David Talbot Rice (Avalon Press and Central Institute of Art and Design. 8s. 6d.): A learned survey by Edinburgh's Professor of the History of Fine Art.

THE HUNTING WASP, by John Crompton (Collins. 10s. 6d.): What Maeterlinck did for the bee, Mr. Crompton seeks to do for the anti-social wasp.

DOGS IN BRITAIN: A DESCRIPTION OF ALL NATIVE BREEDS AND MOST FOREIGN BREEDS IN BRITAIN by Clifford L. B. Hubbard (Macmillan and Co. 21s.): A text-book for the expert.

GANDHI AND STALIN: TWO SIGNS AT THE WORLD'S CROSS-ROADS, by Louis Fischer (Victor Gollancz. 10s. 6d.): An appraisal by a distinguished journalist of the battle between democracy and dictatorship.

TAIL CORN, by E. M. Barraud (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.): A book of reminiscence and observation of the country scene.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE, by Ruth Ellis (Winchester Publications. 15s.): A vivid record of the Birthday Plays from 1879 to 1948.

THE HOT GOSPELLER OF "MORAL REARMAMENT": H. W. ("Bunny") Austin, once Britain's lawn tennis hope, is paying his first visit to Britain for nine years, having arrived in the "Queen Elizabeth" at the end of August. "Bunny" Austin and his actress-wife, Phyllis Konstam, have their home in California. Phyllis Konstam has been acting in "moral rearmament" plays

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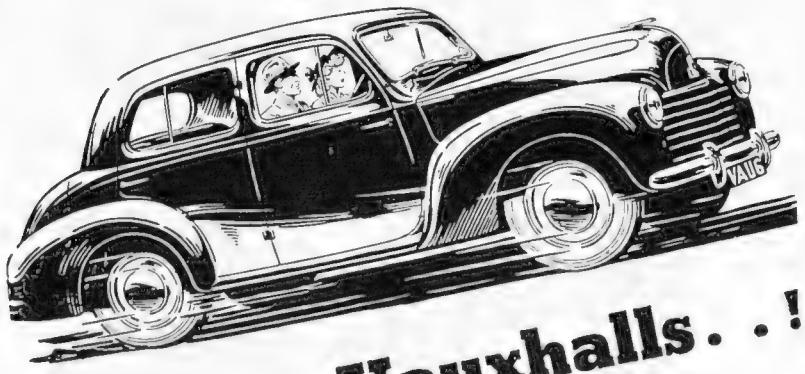

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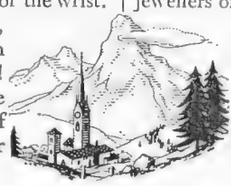

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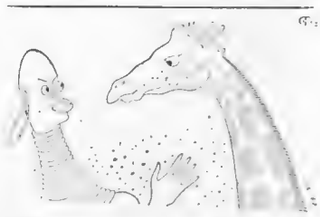

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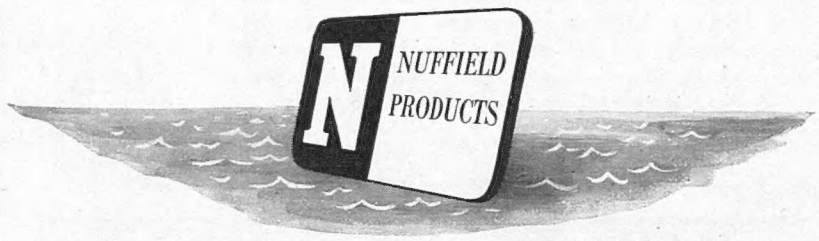

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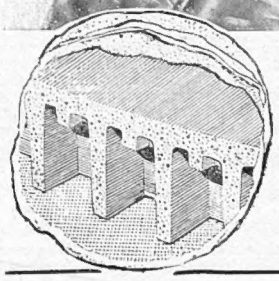

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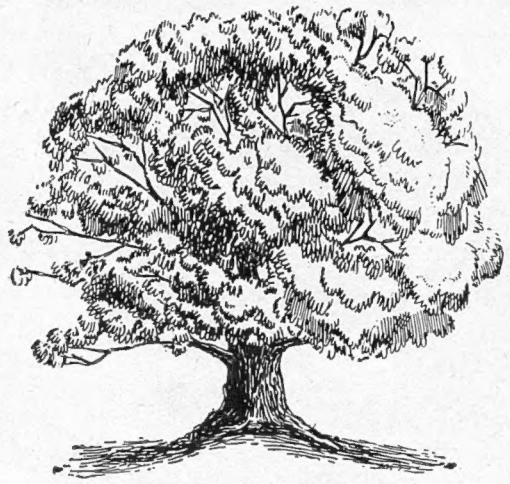

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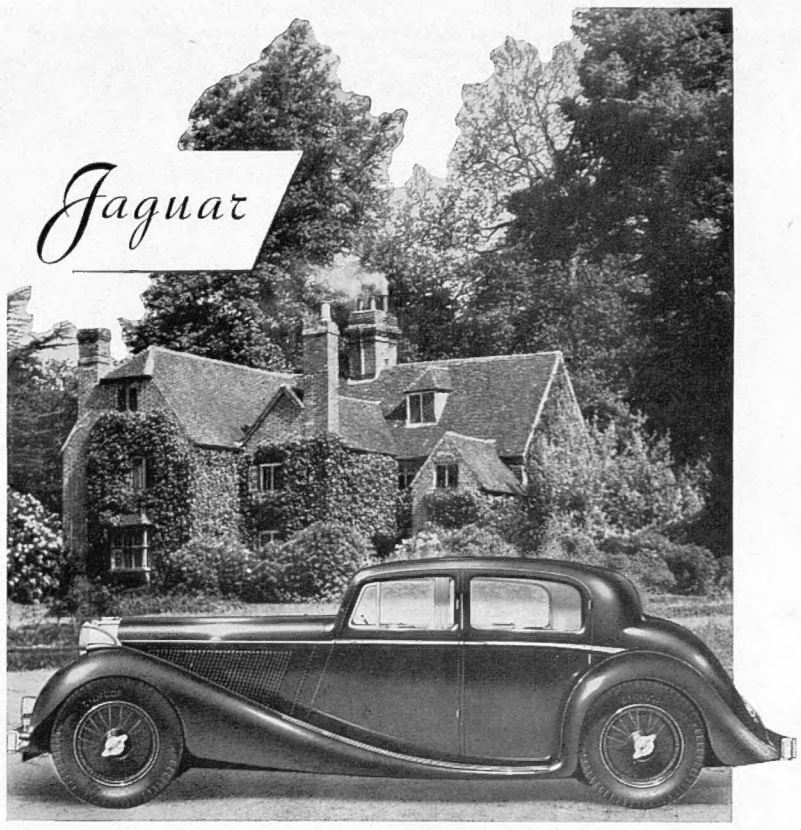

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